

November

The American **Mercury**



Enemies of the New Deal	<i>Donald R. Richberg</i>
More Pay for College Football Stars	<i>John R. Tunis</i>
The Birth Control Industry	<i>Harrison Reeves</i>
Franklin Delano Roosevelt	<i>Nicholas Roosevelt</i>
Portrait of My Father	<i>Pearl S. Buck</i>
The Man Who Shook the Earth	<i>John W. Thomason, Jr.</i>
French in One Easy Lesson	<i>C. M. Webster</i>
Are Neighbors Necessary?	<i>Della T. Lutes</i>
The Consumer Sees Red	<i>Fletcher Pratt</i>
Till Death Us Do Part	<i>Benedict Thielen</i>
The State Can Do No Wrong	<i>Albert Jay Nock</i>
Resettling America	<i>Blair Bolles</i>
New England Goes Spendthrift	<i>Dane Yorke</i>
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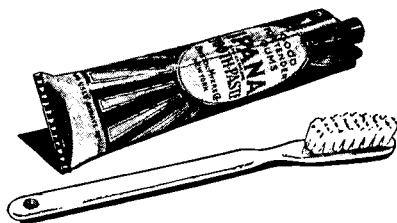
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VOLUME
XXXIX

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THE OPEN FORUM

[Letters from readers, on any subject, will be welcomed to these pages]

THE ART OF DRINKING

SIR: Americans may sometimes burn themselves with firecrackers, but they more often burn themselves with liquor. As a general proposition, we, as a people, cannot drink. But the country is full of amateurs trying it. Those who had mastered the art somewhat before Prohibition have been slow to reappear, whereas the new crop would put to shame the uncouth ecstasies of South Sea islanders or the Indians of New Mexico.

I do not regard this condition as an argument for puritanical suppression by law—for that is an unworkable form of tyranny, already proven. But I do suggest some education on the subject, starting with the schools, and some effective and intelligent regulation not based on moralistic promise, nor to be enforced by long-nosed meddlers of the Anti-Saloon League variety. This ilk but stir up trouble, feed fuel to the flames of law violation.

Let the modern American who wishes to drink be made to know that he is starting from scratch, that he has to acquire a form of culture to do the trick even half well. He must be educated as to the kind and potency of potables—their uses and abuses as well. He must be made to understand what drinks are for and when to use them. He must not associate them alone with certain forms of pleasant revelry, which admittedly have their place in our social intercourse. He must know that good drinks are the proper concomitants of good food, good music, good environment. And even of good books. Having learned these rudi-

mentary ideas, he may progress to a wider knowledge of the subject so that, when he tips his glass a few times at a party, he does not make the complete ass of himself we so frequently see.

Furthermore, he should learn—or be told by his trustworthy friends or relatives—that he must not drink at all if his family tree is closely rooted to the aborigines, if the blood of the primitives is still in his veins; for, in that case, education or cultural knowledge will fail and you will never have anything more to show for the pains taken with this individual, after the cocktails are poured, than with any howling idiot whose blood is from the jungle. The only protection for society from these, if they persist, is to bash their heads. There should be a reward posted—as in the banks for gun-toting robbers—to bring them down, dead or alive.

In my own little *cantina* I have posted near the bar a small notice that is not always seen. But it is there for a purpose. It says: "All drinks here contain alcohol, a poison. Guide yourself accordingly."

There is a slight bit of whimsy in this, yet it is practical. It is for the benefit of those of my visitors, the greater number of whom are strictly amateur drinkers; no matter how many times they have been drunk, they are still amateurs. It is my little contribution to the cause of helping them to get wise to themselves.

I do not particularly wish to regard my little mill as a seminary for the un-

(Continued on page vi)

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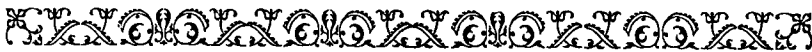
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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page iv)

tutored any more than I wish to regard my bathroom as an institution for the unwashed. Or as a can for the uncanny. I maintain it for the smaller number, in which I feel I may justifiably include myself, of persons who can "take it". We need not discuss the proposition here that alcohol may or may not be good for us; we only care to know if we can sit together, talk together, frolic together, and hear soothing music without suffering a relapse to barbarous mischief, a reversion to animalism or the losing of our status as civilized adults. Instead of these iniquities, a decent restraint — and a golden glow!

My guests, as a rule, I fancy to be above the average. But where the average falls below it is not within the realm of good social forbearance to forbid or to condemn vehemently.

Another thing I am sure about. Alcohol is the sure test of character, the unfailing revealer of the man or woman behind the mask. No one is ever excused for what he may do while under the influence. We know you very well when you drink, make no mistake about that. Don't apologize the next day — we still know you. Therefore, the thought has occurred to me more times than once that we all owe it to society to get overstimulated, intoxicated, at rare intervals, so that we may be seen by others for exactly what we are.

Apart from its detective value in revealing the individual, drinking is something to be practiced as a fine art. It should not be undertaken socially by those without the lady or gentleman instinct. In this case, it is blood and breeding that tell. Of course it can be argued there are not many who may qualify. Ladies and gentlemen are not

nearly as frequent as the signs on the water closets indicate. I sometimes think they are the vanishing race.

The poet has said that angels in heaven sing to the drunkard; modern experience is that what he hears is a pandemonium chorus of all the roisterers in hell, assailing his ears in an uncouth Miserere of discordant sound.

H. G. MOODY

San Francisco



THE COMING INFLATION

SIR: I see you have published Round Two of my battle with Brother Mencken. There has been a Round Three, in the shape of a letter from him saying that he is presenting me with a "Maryland madstone", and that as a Marylander I would know about this. It happens that I left Maryland nearly fifty years ago, but I looked it up in the dictionary and learned that it is a stone which is supposed to avert the effect of a mad dog's bite. The stone has come, but leaves me somewhat puzzled. Does Brother Mencken mean to imply that I am the mad dog and that I might bite somebody? If that is the case, I should think he would have kept the madstone and used it on himself. But perhaps he means to suggest that *he* is the mad dog and that I am to use the stone. If that is the case, I am happy to inform him that the stone has so far been effective. I am not mad — only, as always, grieved by the blindness and bigotry of men.

Permit me, while writing, to comment upon Dr. H. Parker Willis' article "America Faces Bankruptcy". The learned gentleman tells us that it makes

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**IMPORTANT
ANNOUNCEMENT
to
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BECAUSE of the reduction in price of THE AMERICAN MERCURY beginning with the October 1936 issue, unexpired subscriptions have been extended so that all subscribers will receive the full benefit of the new lower subscription rates.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY
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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page vi)

no difference whether the New Deal prints greenbacks or bonds, the effect is an increase in the circulating medium, and he shows us what the increase has been under the New Deal, and tells us that as soon as the public realizes this, there will be an enormous rise in prices. But it so happens that inflation is a ratio of two factors—the medium of exchange and the goods to be exchanged, and it does not occur to your learned authority to investigate the question of the increase in the quantity of goods which has been brought about in the past three and one-half years.

I do not happen to have the charts handy, but an estimate will serve the purpose of illustration. Let us assume that industrial production was down to 60 at the beginning of 1933, and that it is now back to 90. That means a 50% increase in the amount of goods to be exchanged, and that is to be balanced against the \$12,000,000,000 increase in the public debt. I invite your expert to figure up and determine what per cent this twelve billion dollars represents of the total currency and credit resources of the United States. Surely it does not represent a 50% increase. I doubt if it represents a ten or twenty per cent increase. This being the case, the thing that we have reason to anticipate in the latter part of 1936 is not a great increase in prices, but a great decrease.

Of course what blinds the experts is their excitement over the fact that the additional twelve billion dollars represents State credit rather than private credit. If the twelve billion dollars in bonds had been regularly issued by the great Wall Street corporations, my guess is that the experts would have taken it as a normal business procedure and the

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THE OPEN FORUM

idea that it is inflationary would never have occurred to them. But the fact is that the laws governing money circulation and money price operate exactly the same under public ownership as under private ownership. Inflation applied to the French franc and the German mark and the Italian lira under capitalism exactly as to the Russian ruble under State Socialism. It does not make a particle of difference whether the goods produced are produced by the steel trust or by the Russian collective farms and factories, any more than it matters whether the medium of exchange is silver or gold coins or greenbacks or government bonds or bank checks. The one determining question is the ratio between the medium used and the goods to be exchanged. The governing factor in America at this moment is that the goods to be exchanged have increased faster than the medium.

I grant that inflation is coming in the end. It is coming because the debt structure is being built to the point where it becomes topheavy; where it claims an unendurable share of the total product of industry. But inflation will not come so long as the program of government borrowing and spending is able to bring about an increase of production, which so far it has unquestionably been able to do.

What we are witnessing is the gradual disintegration of private industry and the increasing collectivization of industry. This is a world phenomenon and no country can escape it. To the orthodox economic thinker it is something terrifying, while to me it is the next stage in the development of civilization. Having been demanding it and predicting it for some thirty-three years, I now derive great amusement from the

intensity of feeling displayed by the editors and contributors of the *MERCURY*.

UPTON SINCLAIR

Pasadena

DR. WILLIS REPLIES

SIR: Mr. Sinclair's chief point seems to be that there has been no undue increase in the amount of government obligations outstanding, because there has been a larger increase in the amount of goods produced during the period we are discussing. There are two difficulties with his case.

(1) This is still a country of private ownership, and the sums which have been borrowed by the government were borrowed from privately-owned institutions (the banks), but they were not protected by collateral designed to safeguard these loans. That "collateral" remains in private hands still, and whether the government can get it or not in order to pay back the debt to the banks depends upon its success in applying what we call taxation, or the degree of its success in going over to a condition of State ownership, which, thus far, the country appears to be resisting.

(2) Mr. Sinclair seems to suppose that the amount of money or credit that can be safely put out or issued should, or may, be in direct ratio to the amount of goods manufactured or brought into existence. There is no necessary relationship between the amount of goods in existence and the amount of money or credit produced. Money and credit are used in exchanging goods and the volume of them required depends on the velocity and activity of exchange or what is called Business. There is no more serious error in the field of money

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THE OPEN FORUM

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and banking than to assume that an item of goods that is manufactured must or will be exchanged merely because it has been brought into existence. Over-production is constantly occurring in various specialized lines, and goods as a whole are frequently being actively exchanged and are frequently inactive. The "gradual disintegration of private industry and the increasing collectivism of industry" of which Mr. Sinclair speaks, may be coming. It will never come in such a way as to make two opposing systems of production and consumption work successfully on a partial basis, at the same time. Just as the United States could not be half slave and half free, it will never succeed in being half capitalistic and half something else. In order to get a successful working of industry, it will have to recognize the laws which govern one system or the other.

H. PARKER WILLIS

New York City

ON HUMMING BIRDS

SIR: I wish to pay my respects to your poetry editor, Louis Untermeyer, for being the first to my knowledge to print a poem about homosexual birds. "To Two Hummingbirds", Number VIII, of Marjorie Walthall Jackson's group in the July number, contains the lines

"Two agile-winged flame-throated
Rainbows would have died."

Being one who is studying modern *Kultur* in the raw, I appreciate the value of a first poem about aerial wooing of two male birds. Only the mature male

ruby-throated hummingbird (*Archilochus colubris*) has the throat band of red feathers. The scarlet brilliance of the *Relasphorus rufus* belongs only to the male also, although the female is more highly colored than the female of the ruby-throated species.

It is with regret that I disillusion anyone who venerates the decencies of another age and believes in the virtue of feathers and fairies.

IDA K. SMITH

Hudson, N. Y.

PRO AND CON

SIR: As a reader of THE MERCURY from its first issue to the present time, I wish to discontinue my subscription just as soon as it expires. I have no further use for a Red-baiting Fascist yellow journal such as THE MERCURY has become of late. I personally believe that Mr. Mencken is suffering from cerebral sclerosis and has handed over his brain-child and probably himself to the quacks whom he once derided.

I allude to such moronic articles as "The Credo of a New Dealer", "Red Fascism", and "The Survival of the Unfittest".

As for Mr. Palmer's public remarks about the sincerity of the League Against War and Fascism, the less said about them the better. He reminds me of another Palmer — the father of the quack science, known as Chiropractic.

Yours for a change in editorial policy and staff,

DAVID H. SHELLING, M.D.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page x)

SIR: If you will print them, I should like to present to the readers of THE OPEN FORUM some facts concerning your magazine:

1. In the last five issues (from May to September) there have been:
 - 29 letters from readers concerned with the Roosevelt Administration.
 - 19 of these expressed anti-New-Deal feelings.
 - 10 of them expressed pro-New-Deal feelings.
 - 21 articles dealing with the present Administration.
 - 21 of these were anti-Roosevelt.
 - 0 of them were pro-Roosevelt.
2. THE MERCURY had the reputation of being extremely open-minded.
3. Times have changed.
4. I am not renewing my subscription.

WILLIAM KRUSKA

New Rochelle, N. Y.

SIR: The wails of the New Dealers in your OPEN FORUM are even a more trenchant revelation of their mental and emotional equipment than the articles you have been publishing.

No political movement in our history has depended so much on the abusive castigation of its critics as the New Deal. Anyone who differs with its so-called philosophy is immediately nominated: a child slave driver, a Simon Legree, a sadist rejoicing in the starvation of the needy, a creature of entrenched greed, an economic royalist, a money-changer, a liar, a mule, a thief, too damn dumb, or some variety of bloodsucker. Now that this technique has been applied to their own vulnerable hides, the howls and yowls of anguish are most amusing and merely

characteristic of those whose sole claim to courage lies in the abusive tongue.

THOMAS RÉNAUD RUTTER
Santa Monica, Cal.

CHER MONSIEUR: Les contes à dormir debout par "Docteur" H. L. Mencken, pour vingt-cinq ans un charlatan saillant de littérature américaine, ne sont plus amusants, et ils sont certainement insignifiants. Parmi docteurs, Docteur Brinkley et "Docteur" Mencken sont deux d'une espèce; mais la grande différence est que Docteur Brinkley soit ouvertement un charlatan tandis que "Docteur" Mencken est à couvert.

C'est probablement que "Docteur" Mencken lit français comme une vache espagnole et qu'il ne pourra pas lire cette lettre sans aide. En vérité, il comprend probablement bien plus la langue russe et l'hébreu. "Docteur" Mencken, qui ne peut pas manifestement écrire un grand conte ou un grand article ou un grand livre, ou une grande autre chose, quant à cela, n'aime pas les Américains ni cette Amérique — cette Amérique où il a prospéré bien avant de ses talents maigres!

AMERICAN MERCURY [soit su] ne soit pas le mercure d'américanisme, quoique parmi docteurs votre "Docteur" Mencken et ses confrères-charlatans aimeraient la sembler cela. Des charlatans soient souvent des hommes insinuants, comme "Docteur" Mencken dit; mais quelquefois des charlatans ne sont que des hommes moroses et séniles. Si les Américains étaient à mettre aux voix une affaire insignifiante, dans laquelle classe, pour ainsi dire, mettraient-ils "Docteur" Mencken?

Je crois bien que AMERICAN MERCURY ne veuille pas publier cette lettre. "Doc-

(Continued on page xiv)

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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page xii)

teur" Mencken ne l'aimera pas! C'est probable que le rédacteur en chef ne veut pas la lire; mais, quoiqu'il en soit, le rédacteur puisse la passer à "Docteur" Mencken, qui puisse la brûler en la flamme de chandelle de ses talents maigres!

HOWARD T. DIMICK

Shreveport, La.



FICTION VS. FACT

SIR: THE MERCURY article on Thomas Hardy contains so many distortions of the facts that truth-loving readers may be grateful to have a warning issued that you assume no responsibility for Ford Madox Ford's accuracy of statement. If space permitted I should be glad, in the interest of presenting Thomas Hardy in the light of truth, to point out numerous false or misleading statements; let four examples suffice.

(1) Mr. Ford writes: "Hardy never wanted to be a novelist, didn't care what he did in his novels so long as . . . they brought him in . . . money". And again: "At the pressing instance of his bride-to-be, he had launched out into the occupation of the commercial novelist". The fact is that Hardy had "launched out" before he ever saw the first Mrs. Hardy. His first three attempts at fiction were written entirely independently of any influence from his "bride-to-be", and two of them were written before he had ever met her. Hardy saw his wife for the first time on March 7, 1870. He had begun *The Poor Man and the Lady* in 1867; in July, 1868, he had submitted his ms. to Macmillan; in December, 1868, he submitted it to Chapman & Hall, and

in 1869 to a third publisher. All three declined it. In 1869, he began *Desperate Remedies* and in 1870 offered it to Macmillan and then to Tinsley. When the latter said he would publish the novel if Hardy would advance seventy-five pounds, Hardy accepted, even though he had only 123 pounds to his name. The novel was published in 1871, and Hardy then wrote *Under the Greenwood Tree* in which he salvaged some of the chapters in his rejected first novel. When this third story was declined by Macmillan (the third time Macmillan had turned him down), then and only then did Hardy question the wisdom of continuing the attempt to support himself by novel-writing, and consulted Miss Gifford. She urged him to "adhere to authorship", and in 1872 he began his fourth novel, *A Pair of Blue Eyes* — the first to show any Gifford influence. They were married September 17, 1874.

(2) Mr. Ford writes: "The restoration of *Jude* took years and left him long prostrate with exhaustion." What are the facts? The serial publication of *Jude* began in December, 1894, and by the following August, Hardy had it all "restored", ready for the book appearance of the novel on November 1, 1895. "Years"? And instead of being "long prostrate", Hardy went in September, 1895, for a week's visit at Rushmore, where he danced on the green, opening the country dances with a Mrs. Grove. Shortly after this, still far from prostrate, he gave a garden-party at Max Gate.

(3) Mr. Ford objects to "the episode of the black flag going down over Salisbury Gaol". Actually, the black flag doesn't go down, and the episode isn't at Salisbury. Hardy is explicit: "The
(Continued in back adv't section, p. xx)

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The American MERCURY

AMERICA DOESN'T GIVE A DAMN

BY CHANNING POLLOCK

IN 1912, the finest and safest vessel that had ever been built, the unsinkable *Titanic*, struck an iceberg and sank with pretty nearly everyone on board. "The staggering fact," an editorial commented, "is not that the ship went down, but that she went down after fifteen hours of radio warnings, her engines at full speed, her band playing, her passengers dancing, and, apparently, nobody caring a damn that there was ice ahead." And that is the staggering fact about contemporary America — warnings everywhere, engines at full speed, bands playing, passengers dancing, and nobody caring a damn.

There is "ice ahead" all over the world, but most of the rest of the world *does* care. People are worried in France, England, and Italy — striving more or less hopelessly, to be sure, but still striving to avert doom.

Over here, we continue to sing *The Music Goes Round and Round* up to the moment when we must switch to *Nearer My God to Thee*.

Last Summer, I dined on Long Island with a fairly representative company of my compatriots. During the meal, we talked a little about current affairs — extremely little because nobody knew on what charges our District Attorney had been brought before Governor Lehman, and only one of us had read that day's report of the American Bar Association on legislation affecting the rights of citizens. After dinner, a guest referred to Landon as "Caspar Milquetoast"; another guest called Roosevelt something worse; and a third begged: "Oh, don't let's talk politics. Who cares? The country'll blunder through some way, I guess." Whereupon our hostess said, "Knock! Knock!"; a well-known

novelist inquired, "Who's there?"; our hostess said, "Sepoy"; an architect asked "What Sepoy?"; and our hostess answered, "Sepoy who's selling magazines to pay his way through college." We played "Knock! Knock!" for twenty minutes, and then the wife of a businessman told how she'd hurt her spine at a party where the guests tried to sit on milk bottles; and, a little later, we all went home.

This happened on Long Island, but it could happen and probably does happen everywhere in the United States. At the beginning of a Presidential campaign whose issues are among the most vital in our history, one candidate was winning favor by dining with his old nurse in Pennsylvania, while the other tried to prove himself no better than the average man by mixing fraternally with the farmers in North Dakota. From one end of the country to the other, arguments for or against the candidates were as follows: (a) Roosevelt is more convincing on the radio, (b) Landon made the grade by himself, (c) the New Deal gave my sister-in-law a job, (d) why *shouldn't* the rich share some of their wealth? (e) there'd have been a Revolution, (f) Roosevelt does things, (g) Hoover didn't, (h) Landon won't, and, (i) from both sides, you can't beat \$5,000,000,000. As to the death and destruction ahead and all around, few of us are deeply concerned. America is playing golf,

bridge, or "Handies"; struggling for more money, or less work, or both; wearing paper caps and blowing tin horns on week-end cruises; drinking too much; thinking too little; getting excited about Mrs. Simpson, and Mary Astor's diary, and the Dionne quintuplets, while whole nations revert to barbarism, liberty disappears from the face of the earth, and white civilization crumbles about our ears.

"Staggering" or not, this is certainly the most alarming aspect of the present debacle. A people capable of righteous wrath—or even of unrighteous wrath—may save themselves on the brink of the precipice. But every people satisfied with bread and circuses have fallen into the hands of a Caligula, a Mussolini, a Hitler, or a Stalin. Apathy is the most unmistakable symptom of physical, mental, and national breakdown. Men die of hardening of the arteries; nations of softening of the spine. The process is always the same—a simple, vigorous race fighting for existence, acquiring luxury, becoming enervated and decadent, learning to live without labor, bartering its liberties for governmental largesse, and finally passing from the hands of domestic tyrants into those of foreign tyrants. This is the history of Rome, of Athens, of Carthage, of Persia, of Spain; the age-old record forever being played on new phonographs.

As tribute brought ease to Rome, the contributions of the Ionic League

luxury to Athens, and the discovery of the New World *dolce far niente* to Spain, so the wartime payments of the Old World brought lush years to us. We were already fortunately rich through the development of natural resources and individual resourcefulness; we became most unfortunately rich with the end of the World War. Before then, most of us did very nicely with what our jobs paid. We hoped to get more some day, of course, but most of us hoped to get it by working — not by voting, or picketing, or buying on margin. By 1928, from sixteen to twenty dollars a day was a commonplace wage for truckmen or bricklayers. The farmer's wife who sold my wife eggs had two house servants and a super-heterodyne radio. When my bungalow in the country was rebuilt, I could never get my Buick into the garage without moving the carpenters' Cadillacs and the plumbers' Packards. In town, my colored cook preferred her apartment to mine, and came to work in a taxicab. Long after the crash, the Treasurer of the United States reported of his tenant-farmers: "Nary a one has a cow, nary a one has a pig, nary a one has a vegetable garden, but every danged one of 'em has an automobile."

We had come to assume that the world owed us that kind of living. When, suddenly, it began manifesting inability to support us in the style to which we were accustomed, we borrowed, bought on the instal-

ment plan, and, finally, repudiated our debts. If we all couldn't pay \$2 a pair for silk stockings, something was wrong with the social system. But so long as we *could*, nothing was wrong with anything. As that observant historian, James Truslow Adams, wrote: "Every year brought new goods, of which we had never thought before. The need for more, and ever more, had grown to be irresistible. It became necessary to make money at any cost of effort or principle."

Among increasing numbers, it became desirable to make money *without* effort or principle. Public and private morality went into a state of eclipse. It is expedient now to rake up the sins of our bankers and big businessmen, but some of us remember when no apartment-house dweller could buy a bottle of milk, or a newspaper, or get a suit of clothes pressed if he didn't pay tribute to the janitor. A New York department store announced that it had declined to bribe its patrons' chauffeurs. Every trade and labor union had its own racket. The bankers and big businessmen have reformed somewhat; the janitors, chauffeurs, and labor union leaders are about as usual. The politicians, of course, are always as usual. For nearly four thousand years, politicians have remained the lowest form of animal life.

Before these "high standards of living", all other standards went down — not only standards of effi-

ciency and thrift and ambition and honor, but of little things like courage, courtesy, loyalty, and what we used to call common decency. The change was reflected in our literature and drama, in our schools and universities, in our attitude toward law and order and discipline. Our admitted supremacy in crime has been attributed, and in some degree correctly attributed, to Prohibition, to the stupidities of our statutes, and to the link between politicians and other criminals, but, immeasurably more, it is due to public sympathy with the criminal. We cannot abhor a man who sins to satisfy our own desires. The chief probation officer's report to the New York Supreme Court described "Lucky" Luciano, recently convicted of compulsory prostitution in Manhattan, as one whose ideals of life were

money to spend, beautiful women to associate with, silk underclothes, and places to go in style. His freedom of conscience springs from his philosophy, "I never was a crumb, and, if I have to be a crumb, I'd rather be dead." He explains a "crumb" as a person who works and saves, and indulges in no extravagances. Luciano is a shallow and parasitic individual, considerably wrapped up in his own feelings. His social outlook is essentially childish. He manifests a peasant-like faith in chance. His behavior patterns are essentially instinctive and primitive. His manner is easy, copious and ingratiating.

How many of your friends and fellow-citizens do you find accu-

rately psychoanalyzed in that report?

None of us wants to think of these things. That's one of the symptoms. Dwelling on them, I find myself again in an unpopular company; much the same company that was hooted down when first it pointed out the impracticability of Prohibition—Nicholas Murray Butler, James Truslow Adams, Henry L. Mencken, George Barton Cutten, and others of my betters. But the vision and courage and indomitability of these are almost our only hope—or would be, if any considerable number of us paid the slightest attention to them. Nobody does—nobody who hasn't an ax to grind, anyway. We want to dance. We want to laugh. But we shall die laughing.

To live, we must think, and think quick and hard. To live, we must act, and raise and follow national leaders who have nothing to gain for themselves, who fear nothing, and are concerned with nothing but the salvation of their country. There are still such men. The tragic aspect of the universal catastrophe is that almost any unselfish, unprejudiced, and keenly intelligent person on earth could get us out of it, if he were omnipotent—or if any considerable proportion of our citizenry cared a damn.

II

Our difficulties are not with a social system that won't work, but with a society that won't work; not with

philosophies of government that need changing, but with philosophies of life that *are* changed; not with soil erosion, but with soul erosion. None of the world-wide revolutions in system or government has accomplished anything, because nobody can make a machine better than its component parts. Our greatest danger, perhaps, derives from the self-seeker who would snatch power by promising the people an improvement independent of themselves. A people no longer willing or able to do for themselves, naturally jump at a leader "who does things" *for* them. It is the first instinct of the feeble and careless to seek someone who will control their destinies. The extent of our present feebleness and carelessness is indicated in our blindness to the consequences of changed systems all about us. Are the Germans so much better off than they were under the Kaiser, or the Spaniards than they were under the King? Is there now so much less hunger, and more happiness, in France, and Italy, and Russia, and right here in the United States?

The truth is that this forward march of the world is leading back to barbarism, if not to annihilation. There has been almost no attendant change in human institutions or human nature that is not conspicuously for the worse. The process is one described long ago by Albert Jay Nock as that in which "The Neolithic Mass corrupts the State, and,

in return, the State still further corrupts the Neolithic Mass." The vicious circle is revolving fast now. We want ease. We want money. We'll vote for anyone who gives them to us. And almost every politician we have will give them to anyone who votes for him. In the end, we shall run out of money, of course, but, by then, we shall have established a government and a bureaucracy that will be independent of our votes.

There was a time when we execrated Benedict Arnold. There was a time when a tax on tea made us mad. But today, newspapers and organizations have spent three years educating us to the realization that we are taxed living and dead, on everything we eat, drink, smoke, and wear; on light, heat, radios, refrigerators, automobiles, gasoline, toilet articles, and drugs, besides paying sales taxes, emergency taxes, income taxes, inheritance taxes, and state, county, and municipal taxes. One-fifth of the average wage-earner's stipend goes through the hands of legislators who use most of it to buy votes, to support an insolent bureaucracy and hundreds of thousands of truculent ineffectuals. And we aren't even interested.

Of the insolence of the bureaucracy, every third man you meet gives a new instance—rarely with more than a pale dilution of the indignation that once went into a Declaration of Independence against a king

who had "enacted a multitude of other offices, and sent swarms of other officers to harass our people and eat out their substance." An income-tax examiner moved to strike out the exemption a friend of mine claimed for the support of his seventy-five-year-old mother. "Can't your mother work?" the examiner asked. Another friend has just shown me a letter in which his attorney writes: "The Tax Commissioner told me frankly that he had to find some tax and that was what he was there for. . . . He told me he had to get at least \$500 more to make his time worthwhile. He frankly stated that, if we argued about it, he would keep us in trouble indefinitely." Both my friends were annoyed, but one of them can't vote because he's going for a short cruise over Election Day, and the other can't protest because he's too busy.

We don't object to exorbitant taxes because we still think the other fellow's paying 'em. No expectant beneficiary has gone cruising when he could vote to Soak the Rich, or been too busy to proselyte for the Townsend Plan. If the American Legion has worked rather feebly for Americanism, no one can say that it hasn't worked wholeheartedly for the bonus and pensions and whatever else it could get. Even in the matter of selfish interests, however, the goal must be obvious and apparently easy. We haven't the time or the guts to fight for abstract things like constitutional government, nor have we

the intellectual curiosity to investigate and the imagination to envisage what would happen to every one of us in the event of currency inflation. That, of course, is on the recent records of almost every country in Europe, but then so are the processes by which Democracy skids into Dictatorship, and the consequences of every single kind of governmental change now being advocated or approximated in these United States. But for two years we have talked of inflation as though it were a cup of tea that we were pretty certain to find on tomorrow's breakfast tray, and not one man or woman in ten thousand has given this imminent ruin a fraction of the attention regularly devoted to the liquor price-lists, the baseball scores, and the Irish Sweepstakes.

Very few people realize the deterioration of our civilization — of all civilization — since 1914. If they did, there would not be the current resentment against "Reactionaries". Anybody who remembers the pre-war decade, and wouldn't give his wisdom teeth to return to it, has no excuse for wisdom teeth. The manifest injustices of that period have not been corrected, and its weaknesses, follies, and stupidities have been exploited. We have never been law-abiding, and the lawyers, the politicians, and the 18th Amendment have turned a tendency into a fixation. We have never been long on discipline, or on respect for learning, or achievement, or any measure of superiority.

The post-war boom years, with their brief taste of material luxury for which few of us were culturally prepared, bred discontent and envy, and the carefully fostered conviction that intellectual attainment was contemptible, social grace snobbery, and all authority or solvency the result of luck or larceny. Ignorance, prejudice, weak sentimentality, vague idealism, and, above everything else, the new yearning for standards of living that begin below the belt rather than above the collar, have sunk us into indifference as to conditions of life and government that no vigorous people should tolerate for more than an afternoon.

If these were the qualities of any one class, the way out would be automatic. During those lush years, it was the truly best people — the reading and thinking folk — who were most inadequately paid. Their influence dwindled. Discouraged and impoverished, they lapsed into desuetude, or joined the malcontents clamoring for new systems, new subsidies, and new excitements. Outside of the backwater areas, the few hundreds or thousands who still love their jobs for the job's sake, and the few hundreds of thousands who have retained sanity, the change in psychology has been universal, and no one can say at which end it began. If the industrial worker clamors for a thirty-hour week, his employer is equally determined upon a sixty-five-hour week-end. If this worker's wife finds

existence unendurable without silk stockings and beauty parlors, that employer's wife finds it equally unendurable without cocktail parties and night clubs. If proletarian ideals have been twisted by radio and movies, aristocratic ideals have taken on qualities that are neither aristocratic nor ideal. If one class buys millions of copies of cheap sex magazines, the other class keeps the presses busy with more expensive pornography. If one class erects hot-dog stands, and picnics while watching a Negro hanged, the other class pays \$40 a seat to see another Negro battered in the prize ring. The proverbially safe and sane middle class trails with both crowds, encarmine's its finger nails, makes bath-tub gin, does cross-word puzzles, smiles at the ambi-sexterous, sneers at the word *highbrow*, dances with dinner, buys on margin, crosses out the top name and sends a dime, falls hardest for the merely new and different, and subscribes to the doctrine that there was nothing good in the world prior to 1917. Twenty millions of us go to the movies every day. We pay \$1,000,000,000 a year for cosmetics. We drive 25,000,000 motor cars, and one-fifth of us are living at government expense — which certainly means that one-half of us would be willing to live that way. If this is the material out of which to make a great future, or to salvage a great past, anyone should be able to build battleships of butter and skyscrapers of corn-meal mush.

III

It has been a long time since any considerable number of us have wanted to work with our hands. It is an old custom among all decadent peoples to bring in other races for manual labor. Our digging and delving, and even cooking and washing, is done by Poles and Italians, and Swedes and Germans, and our own Negroes. The true American prefers to sell insurance, or to be a lawyer without clients, or a doctor without patients. This explains our increasing number of middle-men, who, in a large measure, explain high prices to the consumer and low prices to the producer. This, in a large measure, explains, too, the bums' rush for enrollment in our colleges, which Everett Dean Martin says "are forced to build stiffened dikes of requirements to keep students from swamping their facilities". The esteemed Dr. Martin would be more nearly right if he ascribed the danger of swamped facilities to our popular belief that you can't be a bond salesman without a diploma. The great trouble with our universities is that they are spoiling thousands of good truck-drivers.

In America, almost nobody has ever conceived of education as anything but a means to make money. As many of our best scholastic minds have pointed out, our universities are really not universities at all, but training schools, in which the super-

structure of professional proficiency is attempted without any foundation whatever. For years, this system has been flooding the country with incompetents and materialists. The man who had acquired knowledge of, or interest in, literature, or the fine arts, or even of and in chipmunks and trees, would not have been among those to enter the struggle for gadgets as the beginning and end of the More Abundant Life. He would have been intellectually curious, and eager to be informed in all matters affecting the general good. He would have had an ethical anchorage to defy shifting winds. Instead, hundreds of thousands of him add yearly to the sum of our ignorance, profligacy, and inertia. I have met eager, alert, and well-informed youths in our schools and colleges, but our run-of-the-mill graduate couldn't tell you whether the Fertile Crescent was the cradle of civilization or a moon made of green cheese — and few of them care. I have heard of university-trained applicants for admission to the bar who believed Gladstone to have been a former President of the United States, and the Magna Charta to have been a naval expedition.

Education isn't straightening much of our crooked thinking, or turning us back to simplicity, frugality, discipline, and the elemental virtues. Father rustled for his schooling, and was supporting his mother, brothers, and sisters at sixteen. Yet having

fought his way to the top, and acquired a family of his own, the first thing he does is to give Junior a sport car, a bewildering wardrobe, and money enough to live in a fraternity house. At twenty-two, or three, or four, Junior is still burning paternal gasoline, and more or less looking for a job, though he doesn't know what kind of job, except that it *must* be at the head of something. When he fails, is his face red? No, but the rest of him inclines that way — to a pale pink, at least — and he becomes one of the parlor radicals out to redistribute success, and set right the old fogies who founded the Republic.

Booth Tarkington once observed that, by the time our children were ten years old, you couldn't give 'em a thrill, except by blowing up Brooklyn Bridge. And thrills have become our neurotic necessity; the "kick" directed at the customary anatomical region, advertised with liquor and literature, essential in every national avocation from movies to murder. All this, of course, does not make for stability, sober thought, or self-discipline. Other discipline, always difficult where every man is as good as his neighbor, is lost in any country that begins turning to the Left. This is one of the clear reasons for the spread of Fascism. Discipline is essential to individual well-being and national progress, and discipline is impossible where the rule of a union or the law of a state intervenes. Last

Winter, I stood on the bridge of an American vessel where a petty officer told the captain to "Go sit on a tack". In September, a Dollar Liner was held in San Francisco because the commander refused to continue with a sailor who had prevented the crew from obeying an order. William McFee writes of seamen and quartermasters on American ships refusing to go through lifeboat drill, and of a second officer attacked by deckhands and compelled to resign because his captain and his company feared trouble with the union if they did anything about it. If these are the conditions in the American merchant marine, I leave to your imagination the state of affairs where deference to authority is less traditional.

The softening influence and the subversive influence have left us little deference for anything, and little respect for anybody. We have debunked God, and all the apostles of culture, integrity, and achievement. We have penalized initiative, ability, and industry to the point at which wisdom dictates that they lie down and play dead. And, as Charles Francis Coe says, "If we plow under initiative and ability, as we did the bounties of nature, what shall we do when the drought comes? Dollars are only dollars. They can be replaced. But character may not be imported."

With respect to our changed view of attainment, Dr. Butler sums up the situation comprehensively when

he writes: "Our whole historic conception of civil, economic, and political liberty, which involves the right to work, to save, and to co-operate with others in using our savings for economic and social advancement and development, is now denounced as a form, not of freedom, but of privilege." The wide spread of our resentment of success seems to me indicated in the recent embarrassment of Maine Republicans when it was revealed that a dozen rich men had given a total of \$50,000 to their campaign fund. Why *shouldn't* rich men give to a campaign fund? Haven't they a stake in government, too? It is easy to fan class hatred by sneeringly asking, with regard to an article like my "The Survival of the Unfittest" in the August *MERCURY*, "Who are the fit; the Fords and Rockefellers?" But the answer is: "Yes! The super-fit and the super-useful!" If John D. snuffed out competition and opposition by dubious means, the same thing has been tried, with a less desirable result, by our most altruistic reformers and politicians. If our captains of industry got their money from the people, isn't that where the government gets *its* money, and what government, past, present, or future, has spent or will spend that money as wisely and unselfishly for the public good as have the Fords, the Rockefellers, the Carnegies, and the Curtises?

Unfortunately, America is no longer sensible — if, indeed, it ever

was. It has gone over to easy thinking, easy living, easy money, unreasoning prejudice, and meaningless slogans. It has become apple pie for every cheap demagogue and every expensive vote-buyer. If all this sounds like a diatribe, reflection may convince the few still capable of reflection that the facts justify and the dangers compel it. The time has come to stop, look, and listen. We have reached the end of blundering through. Few Democracies have survived more than two hundred years, and this is not a propitious time for Democracy. A Democracy militant may survive, a Democracy alert, simple, and Spartan — but not a Democracy more interested in golf than in government, in lotteries than in learning, in Bill Powell than in the Bill of Rights. America can slide easily into Communism, Fascism, or a combination of both. If it doesn't, soon or late it must face a Fascist world in an armed conflict for which it is mentally, physically, and morally unprepared; in which it won't last as long as the proverbial dog with tallow legs chasing an asbestos cat through hell.

There is ice ahead, and aboard, and behind, and on every side of us. Are we going down, like the *Titanic*, with bands playing and passengers dancing, or are we ready to clear our minds and roll up our shirt sleeves, "that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth"?

MORE PAY FOR COLLEGE FOOTBALL STARS

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

By agreeing to sell the Atlantic Refining Company the exclusive rights to broadcast its football games this Fall, Yale has definitely taken a far-reaching step, the most forward step in American athletics in the past quarter-century. At last we have an old established university admitting openly what has long been a fact: that college football is a racket. Yale is cashing in on this racket. Yale intends to get her cut. A great educational institution is finally calling a spade a spade—and a football a golden egg.

Right here, it seems to me, is the opportunity for those who really care about American amateur athletics to speak up. Yale's action tosses the whole problem out in the open, where it belongs. The next step obviously is an avowed cash payment to athletes who furnish the spectacle by which the Atlantic Refining Company can afford to hand over \$20,000 to the Yale Athletic Association. Perhaps this is at last the end of hypocrisy, the end of professional teams posing as amateurs, the end of the vast American racket of shamateur college sports. Now we can see where we are going. The colleges are

frankly out for the dough. They have given up the simon-pure pretense and admit they want the money.

For years, there has been no chance for an intelligent person to argue about professionalism in college athletics. Yet in some institutions of higher learning, football is a racket run by thugs and fringed by gamblers and gangsters; in others, the sport is conducted by timid gentry who would like to make it a financial success as the gamblers do, but haven't the nerve. It has been an open secret for several years that certain highly professionalized college teams, or rather one or two members of these teams, have been reached by gamblers. Are games thrown? Yes, sometimes. Everybody knows it and admits it—except a few sports-writing ostriches, adolescent alumni, or those who stamp the title Graduate Manager of Athletics beneath their signatures. And now, for the first time, an American university, one of the oldest and largest, refuses to fool itself or the customers. It candidly puts itself in the class with professional promoters running a public show, and its team in the class with the New York Giants.

You think I am trying to be satirical? Not at all. I mean every word. Surely it is an occasion for honest celebration when we abandon the ridiculous and infantile custom of calling professionalized athletes *amateurs*. We are, thank heaven, getting to the point where college athletes can be paid salaries and paid frankly. The traditional hypocrisies of American life — Prohibition was the culminating example — are to be found everywhere; they are bad enough without corrupting schoolboys. If we can't adopt a realistic attitude toward such an inconsequential thing as football, how can we as a nation hope to be realistic toward war or government or economics or any great problem of the moment?

But let me correct any impression that I believe that all American colleges and universities conduct subsidized and professionalized athletics. I do not believe this. There are today a few colleges and universities which observe the real traditions of amateur sport. But there are many more that do not.

To keep the record straight, I present herewith a classification of one hundred American institutions of higher learning, catalogued according to their practices in modern athletics, and grouped as Amateur, Semi-Professional, and Professional. (Incidentally, the list is an exceedingly revealing commentary on education in this country.) It is difficult to make the classification absolutely accurate, for

the same reason that it is difficult to procure real information concerning actual conditions in Russia, Italy, or Germany. The colleges, like the dictators, issue persuasive propaganda, not statistics. They conceal, they do not reveal.

But to the best of my knowledge and belief, the following table is as fair a one as can be drawn, short of putting graduate managers through the third degree and turning income-tax investigators loose on their account books. It may well be that I treat some institutions too leniently, others too harshly. Anyhow, here goes. (And, brethren, those of you who know more about the subject, chide me not for my charity.) The three groups are made up as follows:

GROUP A — THE AMATEURS

Allegheny	Maine
Bowdoin	Middlebury
Brown	Oberlin
California Tech.	Occidental
Center	Pomona
Chicago	Rochester
C.C.N.Y.	Rutgers
Colby	Sewanee
Gettysburg	Swarthmore
Hamilton	Trinity
Haverford	Tufts
Hobart	Union
Johns Hopkins	Ursinus
Kenyon	Virginia
Knox	Wesleyan
Lehigh	William and Mary
	Williams

GROUP B — THE SEMI-PROS

Amherst	Michigan
Army	Navy
Boston University	N.Y.U.
California	Notre Dame
Cincinnati	Pennsylvania
Cornell	Penn. State
Dartmouth	Purdue
Harvard	Rollins
Illinois	Tennessee
Iowa	Texas
Kentucky	Vanderbilt
Lafayette	W. and J.
Maryland	Yale

GROUP C — THE PROFESSIONALS

Alabama	Northwestern
Baylor	Ohio State
Boston College	Oregon
Bucknell	Pittsburgh
Carnegie Tech.	Princeton
Colgate	Santa Clara
Columbia	St. Mary's
Detroit	Southern Calif.
Duke	Southern Meth-
Duquesne	odist
Fordham	Stanford
Georgetown	Syracuse
Georgia	Temple
Kansas	Texas Christian
Louisiana State	Tulane
Marquette	Villanova
Michigan State	Worcester Poly-
Minnesota	technic Institute
Missouri	Washington
Nebraska	Western Md.
North Carolina	West Virginia
	Wisconsin

Group A, I have called, perhaps wrongly, the amateurs. The majority of these institutions are small colleges, most of them of high standing, many of extremely high standing in the educational world. They all play football. So far as I know, none of them buys athletes, or goes in for a high-powered professional coach. None attempts to underwrite a huge stadium. If your college is in this list, you may feel some justifiable pride. If it stays in this list, if it remains an institution of learning and not a training center for All-Americans, it will probably be because of your efforts. College presidents are as brave as the graduates of their institutions. No braver.

Group B, the semi-pros, is unlike the others, being less homogeneous. Here are small colleges and large ones, the chief bond in common being the fact that all have athletic plants which cost real money to maintain. This can be done solely by means of football receipts. Receipts, however, come only from big crowds, and big crowds follow the good teams. So naturally these colleges strive to subsidize good teams in order to make their athletic corporations function profitably.

In a nice way, of course. They don't (as a rule) operate "farms", that is, military academies and small prep schools which feed athletes to colleges much as minor league baseball clubs send players to the big leagues. They seldom go into the

market and buy stars openly. (They have various other ways of doing the job.) And they are all serious institutions of learning: even the best half-back has to pass his examinations in order to play. The colleges in this group that actually pay their men have a fixed rate—usually between \$60 and \$80 a month—and don't deviate from it. Which is certainly not an excessive sum considering the risk a player runs of receiving serious injuries. As a rule, these Group B athletes are *bona fide* students; the majority graduate with degrees, thus receiving what passes for an education in these United States.

How, then, do such colleges get their teams? There are several ways of getting a football team—or a mink coat: you can go out and buy one—or you can use less direct methods. Your team may be assembled through the means of Dollar-a-Month Clubs, through prominent alumni aided by the coach, or by the athletic authorities without the knowledge of the coach. Sometimes, it is difficult to classify such an institution accurately. For example, Amherst for several years has gone into the market quietly and discreetly, and to good effect, as shown by the results chronicled in the sports pages. Does the college administration know this? Well, most college authorities are intelligent enough to realize that great football teams, like babies, are not brought by the stork. Yet Group B includes some nice, re-

spectable institutions, although if your alma mater's name appears therein, you don't necessarily have to cheer. . . .

Group C comprises a weird assortment; for football, like politics, makes strange bedfellows. Mixed in with a few universities of high standing are some whose standing is obviously not so high. A few are there simply because they are obliged to be. Pittsburgh, for instance, has yearly mortgage payments of nearly \$200,000 on its stadium. To meet this bill, to earn this amount over and above normal expenses, the Pitt team has for several seasons been playing a terrific schedule, trying hard to round up the clients and fill the stadium with one big drawing card after another—Minnesota, University of Southern California, Notre Dame, anyone and everyone who pulls at the gate. Naturally it is impossible to assemble a legitimate enrollment of students which can produce a team capable of meeting such opponents on successive week-ends. Your reaction to the varying degrees of professionalism, of course, depends strictly on your point of view. So if you choose to call this sort of thing *sport*, all right. But don't call it *amateur* sport.

In Group C, you will note one or two of our good friends, the Rose Bowl Boys of the Golden West. Football is not over-emphasized on the Pacific Coast—it couldn't be. Let's not go so far as to suggest that in

some Western colleges, athletes are barred from the classrooms; but it is a fact that football seems to be the chief reason for the existence of such institutions. Also in Group C are several prominent Eastern colleges. Being of a timid and non-disputatious nature, I dislike to be dogmatic about certain things, but from sources not guaranteed but believed to be accurate I find myself obliged to place Princeton with the out-and-outers. Maybe, if instead of writing me indignant letters, graduates of Old Nassau would take steps to curb the zealotry of one of their confederates in Western Pennsylvania, we could arrange to shift the Orange and Black up into the class of the semi-pros, many of whom do the same thing under cover. Or am I hurting someone's feelings?

II

Every intelligent American educator knows that football is likely to have unpleasant effects both on his job and the intellectual life of his institution. Dr. Charles J. Turck of Center College, Kentucky, declared recently that the victory of Center over Harvard in 1921 was the worst thing that ever happened to his college. Only 32 of the 134 freshmen attracted to the institution by the victory graduated. But how to avoid this distortion of values? "We ought," says Dr. Turck, "to get rid of this octopus and let commercial agencies of the

sporting world provide gladiatorial shows."

Certainly! But how? What agencies? Where? And would many colleges well-intrenched and feeding avidly at the trough of amateur sport, relinquish their meals? Well, there is at least an idea in the classification given here. In most professionalized sport in this country, some attempt at appraising the competitors is honestly made. Thus the winner of the Golden Gloves Boxing Tournament doesn't challenge Max Schmeling, nor does the victor of the American Legion Baseball Contest try to take on the winner of the World's Series. If some such classification of football amateurs, semi-pros, and pros were made, and if colleges played only with those in their own class, there might be a way out of the impasse of professional athletics, gate receipts, and the terrific exploitation of young men willing to play games for a small sum of money or even for their board and room. Or merely for the sake of their university.

American educational institutions have no business exploiting boys under the guise of amateur sport. But they have been doing so more or less successfully for fifty years, and will probably continue to do so. If, however, the goats could be separated from the sheep, and both called by their real names, there would be many changes. And a better understanding of the situation. No one objects to paying boys to play football.

They should be paid more, rather than less. And if the colleges which honestly seek real students were segregated from those anxious for athletic glory, it might be possible to pay an All-American end a wage approximating his value.

Suppose the amateur colleges were to play each other and the professional colleges met only pros? Suppose each group kept to itself? Then, the ones who wanted a football team would be honest enough to say so and pay for it openly. The gamblers who infest the fringes of football would not find it worthwhile bothering with amateur colleges. And Slat's Miskowitch, the Power House of East Dakota, would not be drawing a mere \$50 a month, but a cut in the gate which would be close to his actual worth. He would earn his pay and would not have any hesitation about accepting the roll of bills which would not have to be left under his pillow.

The ordinary followers of American sport, the average readers of the sporting pages, the thousands who listen over the radio, realize perfectly well what college football is today. Are college graduates to remain the only ones blind to the situation?

Surely the average graduate can't be so far below the average citizen in intellectual capacity as that. Some day these thick-witted alumni will see what the sporting public long ago perceived: that if it is all right for educational institutions to cash in on the ability of good football players, it's all right for the players themselves to cash in. Let the football players of the professional colleges be paid, openly and aboveboard. Let's have a minimum wage for athletes. Stop calling these Group C teams amateurs: let them fight out the titles of their own leagues, conferences, Rose Bowls, Sugar Bowls, Cotton Bowls, and Wash Bowls among themselves. Put an end to the disguises and subterfuges of the present situation.

Of course, such a step would make football in reality what we pretend it isn't, but what everyone knows it to be — a tremendous business with tentacles over the whole educational world. But such a step would nevertheless be undeniably sensible. It would be intellectually honest and consistent with educational ideals. In brief, what I'm trying to say is: for God's sake, a little logic! Or is that asking too much?



LORD GUFFEY OF PENNSYLVANIA

BY RAY SPRIGLE

WHEN the United States Senate opened its doors for that expensive conclave which will be known henceforth to its mortgagees as the Seventy-Fourth Congress, a new High Baron of the Provinces was in his chair. Neglecting such puissant unknowns as O'Mahoney of Wyoming and Maloney of Connecticut, fellow statesmen crowded around the freshman Peer to pay obeisance, offer congratulations, and hint that small favors would be appreciated. Gentlemen who regulate orders of precedence in the world's greatest deliberative assembly appeared in his office suite — one of the choicest — and asked politely what committee assignments would best suit his convenience. The new Prince of the Realm chose Finance, Commerce, Manufactures, Mines and Mining — a combination of dignities and influential responsibilities toward which many a Senate veteran of twenty years' standing is still struggling. Indeed, the ineffable Essex could hardly have been treated with more consideration by the rival noblemen when he appeared in the House of Lords, fresh from the boudoir of Elizabeth, smelling of musk

and with traces of royal cosmetics on his tunic.

But the new Washingtonian's eminence quite obviously is due to something other than court philandering. Of medium height, but so broad of beam that he appears squat at a short distance, he is possibly a little below even the senatorial beauty average. The thick features and staring eyes suggest the Tammany porcine, rather than the Hollywood parlor-snake brand of animal loveliness; and behind the mechanical smile lurks the dead-pan indifference of the political boss who will say "heh heh" to the boys if it kills him. When he talks, it is out of the side of his mouth and in the raspingly genial tones of a man who puts his entire nervous strength of the moment into the business of being affable. But what he says makes men listen. For it is this: "I can carry the State of Pennsylvania for the Democratic Party." That pledge is the success-secret of the new High Baron of the Provinces, Senator Joseph F. Guffey. It is the promissory note on which he lives.

It is, as a matter of fact, one of the fattest sources of political prestige

discovered in Washington since the passing of the Ohio Gang. Lord Guffey, himself, began profiting by it fully two years before he became officially a statesman. His patronage office, a de luxe downtown suite with a polished array of smiling reception clerks and cooing telephone operators, was open in Washington three years ago last Winter when the Roosevelt Inauguration was still two months off and the New Deal was still hatching in the Tugwell-Moley incubator. Pennsylvania's junior senator-to-be, then merely Pennsylvania's minority party boss, was seeing Farley, seeing Emil Hurja, telephoning the President-elect, cultivating potential Administration leaders and potentially renegade Pennsylvania Republicans everywhere. Whatever the specific business in hand, he always came eventually to one bearing-down message: Pennsylvania is accustomed to government by patronage. If the right people are given the right jobs in the right places, it will go Democratic in 1936.

Such persuasive energy and such logical idea-salesmanship found their reward. The Guffey patronage problems were "cleared" by the incoming reformers far more speedily than were those of sitting senators of the most antique Jeffersonian luster, to say nothing of party bosses who had carried their states for the New Deal *Reich* already. Before 1933 closed, Guffey wardheelers were blossoming

out in positions of public trust from Erie to Kennett Square. The promissory tornado was several jumps ahead of most competitors in the box score on hired help placed in the emergency bureaus in Washington. Guffey fingers were clutching most of the juicier bits of garbage floating to the top of the CWA maelstrom, and Guffey chisels were operating with stealthy efficiency even on the chaste enterprises of Messrs. Hugh Johnson and Ickes. In result, the Washington office of the new Duke of Patronage, week after week was beset by hundreds of Republican *jefe politicos* undergoing the spasms of imminent conversion, while statesmen from points as distant as Georgia and Montana edged up to him at cocktail parties to ask how in hell he did it.

Lord Guffey neglected to tell them that he charged more for carrying Pennsylvania than Mussolini did for swinging Ethiopia, but he never omitted to flash his mechanical leer and let go both barrels of the theme that, with enough jobs for deserving Guffeyites, the Keystone State could be had by Franklin Rex. After all, if a tobacco-road statesman could be persuaded that Pennsylvania's heft could be added to the Democracy's security, it might lead him to add his indorsement one day to some Shammokin precinct captain's application for a sub-executive job in the Barber's Itch Prevention Service. Such a potentiality, according to the Guf-

fey philosophy, was always good for one more sales talk.

Midway in career, the credit of the Guffey promissory extravagance was sanctified, as it were, by the notesigner's election to the Senate. His 127,000 majority in the 1934 election, plus his victory for George H. Earle as Pennsylvania's first Democratic governor for a generation, was thumping down-payment, and it furnished interesting proof to scoffers that the sales talk was more than sheer nonsense. Word, accordingly, went out along the most confidential White House grapevines that Lord Guffey was no ordinary mortal. The almost royal committee appointments followed in due course, and the Guffey name was attached to the famous Coal Act, a measure of infinitely vaster political potency than a freshman senator ordinarily is permitted to do more than vote for.

The patronage industry, needless to say, grew by leaps and bounds. A lesser statesman might have been embarrassed by the legions of ex-G.O.P. spoilsmen who hit the New Deal sawdust trail during the 1934 conversion orgy, but Lord Guffey was equal to it. As the public prints, including *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, have pretty well established during the current season of revelations, he and his henchmen annexed the WPA straw-boss list for his special spoils province, and proceeded to place deserving converts by thousands in the places where

they would enjoy the happiest facilities for converting others. Furthermore, although the transformation of the Pennsylvania WPA into a kind of state-wide Tammany has ranked as the New Deal's outstanding public scandal, subtle influences near the thrones of high command in Washington quite plainly have kept Lord Guffey from being molested in his epic machine-building labors. From the standpoint of normal disciplinary processes for scandalous tradesmen in spoils, the man who says he can carry Pennsylvania definitely belonged, from the first, among the Untouchables.

More and more, in fact, Pennsylvania's junior Senator strides the lurid Washington stage as the No. 1 Political Colossus of 1936. The value of the trick he promises to turn has grown with the New Deal's straitened circumstances. Back in the days of the 1932 and 1934 landslides, carrying Pennsylvania would have been a pleasingly whimsical gesture for Mr. Farley's boys — like thumbing the nose at a rival pugilist as he was being borne off in an ambulance. But early this year, as the campaign jitters began tingling at their nerve ends, the Administration's more calculating statesmen have been forced to the conclusion that bagging thirty-six Pennsylvania electoral votes may turn out to be the neo-Jeffersonianism's direct strategic necessity. Lord Guffey's power has swollen with this tumescence of his tactical

importance. Last Winter and Spring the Administration powers helped him whip Pennsylvania's twenty-three Democratic congressmen into a fighting phalanx by denying even the smell of patronage to those who failed to obey the Guffey orders, not only on roll calls but also in the smallest matters of parochial strategy. When, in the May primaries, the new peer of the realm turned his WPA henchmen loose on two moderate recalcitrants and beat them — including Bill Berlin in his own native district in Westmoreland County — the squawks were notable, but they provoked no echoes, either among sympathetic colleagues on the House floor or in the quarters of Messrs. Roosevelt and Hopkins. Lord Guffey, in short, has so firmly established himself as the party's promissory Siegfried that nothing in the whole range of New Deal ethics is being permitted to keep him from getting into shape to snatch Brunhild from the Republican flames.

II

The statesman toward whom all these considerations flow is a graduate of the Republic's slickest political academy. The professional minority politician in the United States learns early in life the supreme lesson of politics: that the object is not glory — it is gravy. In a state where the party of his allegiance "hasn't a chance", he makes his living by pick-

ing off what he can, and often it turns out to be a fatter living, year in and year out, than that enjoyed by organizers of victory and the hard-beset bosses of permanent majorities. He learns, for instance, how to sell his fellow-partisans down river for quick-trick, stab-in-the-back services in the majority's factional wars — to be paid in cash, in graft, in "cuts", or in patronage, according to the local custom. He learns how to trade with the enemy — itself one of the higher branches of political science — in appointments to boards and commissions, from federal to township size, on which the law requires the chaste semblance of bi-partisan representation. On the principle that the party's major statesmen can stand an election defeat once in so often but are always interested in controlling nominations, he racketeers openly and profitably every four years in trustworthy national convention delegates. His working relations with the majority leaders make him privy to their secrets as well as his own. Finally, when his party seats its man in the White House, he is privileged, usually without any of the responsibilities of fulfilling campaign pledges or administering justice, to luxuriate for juicy years in the rich steams of the federal trough.

Pennsylvania's junior Senator takes his qualities from this sophisticating background. He not only has been a minority politician all his life, he inherited the job. Practically from the

close of the Civil War, his uncle, Col. James McClurg Guffey, found minority politicking a profitable side line to the oil business. Col. Guffey learned by his early thirties — he was born in 1839 — that an idealist who interested himself in corraling such jobs as there were for deserving Pennsylvania Democrats would never lack for tips on where promising new oil finds could be bought in cheaply; and that a local statesman who could throw little groups of crucial voters this way and that in the ferocious ward wars of the Pittsburgh Republicans need never starve for bank credit.

As the elder Guffey's horizons widened toward the turn of the century, and he became, along with Tom Taggart of Indiana, Roger Sullivan of Illinois, and the Tammany emperor of the moment, a kind of trusteeship for the Democratic minority in the nation at large, he found that the promotional opportunities for a statesman's oil properties could be made to expand almost in proportion to his national influence. William Jennings Bryan, to be sure, occasionally denounced the Colonel as various kinds of a boodler and corruptionist, but the old expert in minorities was much more interested in the gravy he was getting than in comparing ethical standards with a brash young candidate who was unlikely ever to be ladling out federal patronage. Guffey the First ran the Pennsylvania Democracy on the prac-

tical principle that a sane man's interest in politics was not in establishing a reputation for moral leadership but in what he could get out of it.

Among the things he got were jobs for the family. In Westmoreland County, adjacent to Pittsburgh, where there had been Guffeys and Democratic majorities ever since the Whisky Rebellion of the 1790's, the Guffey machine kept the Colonel's brother John in office as a practically permanent sheriff. The fees and the salary were generous, and John's son Joseph grew up in the 'Eighties and 'Nineties under a definite family impression that managing a minority party's affairs was a business much like coal-mining. If young Joseph did not absorb all these trade traditions in early childhood, they were shortly brought home to him in a crucial experience. In 1894, when he was nineteen and a sophomore at Princeton, his father died and the sheriff's fees stopped. There was no estate to speak of and so no question of a return to Princeton, but hasty correspondence passed between the Colonel and the right officials of the Cleveland Administration, and Guffey the Second emerged, with a salary better than most of his classmates ever earned until well along in their thirties, as superintendent of city deliveries at the Pittsburgh Post Office. If in the classes of Professor Woodrow Wilson the young Princetonian had ever acquired any doubts as to the ethics of administering political

machines as family property, this was an experience to solve them. Young Joe plunged into the junior lieutenantancy which his family connections and his post office job automatically provided for him, with his eye on the goal from which it has never since wandered — the Main Chance.

In the first eighteen years, it led him, to be sure, into somewhat strange places. The post office apprenticeship lasted just long enough to give him a thorough training in Pittsburgh ward-heeling and faction-raising. When it was over, and the 1896 upset in Washington made it necessary for junior Democratic minority politicians to desert the federal for private payrolls, Joseph chose, apparently with the Colonel's affectionate connivance, a sub-executive post with the Philadelphia Company, holding corporation for Pittsburgh's gas, electric light, trolley, and steam utilities. It looked like a gesture of economic self-dependence, and as a matter of fact, the future Lord Guffey proved a highly competent sub-executive. But it was also a normal and useful disposition to make of a young heir-apparent in the Guffey family scheme of minority politicking.

Both as oil magnate and *jefe politico*, the Colonel could use the tips which trickled down from Nephew Joe on the plans of the Pittsburgh multi-millionaires during the utilities-conscious first decade of the century, while the super-magnates of the Mellon circle could hardly have too

much good will from a boss capable of ordering ticket-scratching Democrats into Republican factional struggles with devastating effects on even the most powerful G.O.P. barons' franchise troubles. The connection was made stable and more agreeable to all concerned by the fact that Joe took to the business enthusiastically.

It might, in fact, have lasted a lifetime if Joe had not seen the Main Chance written in larger and more political letters. In 1912 the Colonel was aging. He had fought Bryanism so long that it had become a habit — perhaps an emotional complex. Bryanism could never win, the Colonel had reasoned it out years before, and besides, he was in the business of being for the right nominees rather than of electing presidents who did not understand patronage. Bryanism was against Champ Clark in 1912, so the Colonel, along with his old *compadres*, Taggart and Tammany's Murphy, was for him.

It came, therefore, as the shock of his old age that Nephew Joe was somehow taking enough time away from his utilities stewardship to conspire with an oratorical Stroudsburg lawyer, Mitchell Palmer, and Vance McCormick, professional right-thinking Harrisburg newspaper publisher, in a movement to put a delegate slate up in every Pennsylvania county for the Bryanist candidate, Woodrow Wilson. When the primary votes were counted, the conspirators had won the first factional

revolution in Pennsylvania Democratic politics since the Civil War. Guffey the First was done, and Pennsylvania's lesser political empire had fallen to Guffey the Second.

III

Guffey the Second realized from the start that the Main Chance did not lie in the triumphant Democracy's hierarchical dignities. He tossed the National Committee post to Palmer and backed him for the Attorney Generalship with the slightly bored air of a serious businessman buying circus tickets for his wife's relatives. With poker-faced gravity he encouraged McCormick to rush in and out of the White House to discuss ethical hair-lines and matters of high strategy with the new President, as became a Yale ex-quarterback, but rarely betrayed more than a polite interest in reports on the substance of these edifying conversations. When the zeal of prominent hinterland Pennsylvanians for the New Freedom reached the point where they positively had to kiss the royal Presbyterian hand in audience, "Vance" or "Mitch" was always there to "clear" the introduction problem for him, and that, from March, 1913, onward, seemed to be all the use Guffey had for his fellow-revolutionaries.

What seriously interested Guffey the Second was the condition of the Pennsylvania minority party as a family property, and this meant con-

trol of the jobs. There was not even a ghost of a struggle about it. The new national committeeman and the new White House intimate were too busy with their social and official distinctions to bother, and before Mr. Wilson had been in Washington a week, it was made clear through several thousand well-drilled ward and precinct leaders that all requests for places on the federal payroll from the starving Pennsylvania Democrats must be routed through the Guffey office. Officially, in the Democratic hierarchy, the new boss ranged as a simple voter. But to followers who, like himself, were in politics for business rather than pleasure, he established himself overnight as the official fountain of blessings. It was a better fountain than the Colonel had been even in the Cleveland outpouring of grace, since the Wilson bureaucracy had more jobs at its disposal. By 1916, Guffey the Second had what was famed far and wide as the most efficient minor party patronage machine in the Union. Democratic leaders from States as congenitally Republican as Vermont and Utah — not to mention occasional G.O.P. leaders from the Confederate provinces — were dropping in quietly from time to time to have a look at his methods.

Yet was Guffey the Second going to stop where the Colonel stopped — a third-string Pittsburgh magnate with a profitable family-living in the patronage trade? Rather than this fat

parochial comfort, there must be pickings national and even international in scope for a talented spoilsman who kept his eye open for horizons where the Main Chance was written in letters larger than the Pittsburgh street signs. In the winter following his Party's 1916 triumph, Guffey the Second spent most of his spare time horizon-eying, and in the Spring the World War gave him his signal. He gave up his utilities magnateship and enlisted as a dollar-a-year man in the War Industries Board. In the greatest buying and hiring orgy in the pre-New Deal history of government, he had chosen as his operating ground the spot where national politics touched Big Business most directly.

For more than a year, between war patronage problems, he studied his field diligently. Then he leaped, almost at a single bound, toward a spot of the highest strategic efficacy. In July, 1918, while the Allied and Associated Powers' demands for petroleum seemed boundless, he formed with a fellow Pittsburgh capitalist the Guffey-Gillespie Oil Company. And in August he took on, still at \$1 a year, the direction of sales for the Alien Property Custodian's office. As a private enterpriser, he had placed himself on the economic battle line where the most orgiastic selling was being done. As a political officeholder, he had put himself where the big money was.

The set-up was obvious to the

sophisticated, and Guffey-Gillespie thrived. Pennsylvanians and expert outsiders tumbled its stock up and down in almost daily flyers on the Pittsburgh board. Guffey, as Main Chance zealot, saw himself swelling fiscally with an expanding universe. Guffey-Gillespie plunged into new field promotions in Louisiana, West Virginia, Kansas, Texas, and Oklahoma. A boost of \$20,000,000 in its stock quota was ten times oversubscribed.

Armed with the credentials of a high public servant and a great and good friend of the White House, Guffey swooped down on the presidential palace in Mexico City early in 1920 and in one prodigious interview with President Venustiano Carranza came away with concessions on five vast properties of major oil companies recently cancelled by that reforming autocrat under Mexico's New Deal Constitution of 1917. Pennsylvania's economic statesman hooked them up loosely with the Atlantic Gulf and West Indies Steamship Lines and incorporated them as the Atlantic Gulf Oil Corporation — a Guffey-Gillespie subsidiary several times as big as its mother. The Colonel's nephew had used his power as a professional minority boss to muscle in on the international oil game where the world tycoons did their betting in ten figures. It seemed, for the hour, final proof that petty politics was the gateway to big business.

But only for the hour. By 1920, the

war was over, the Allied and Associated Powers were buying little of Guffey oil or any other kind, the Alien Property sales director had nothing left to sell, and the Administration where his influence flourished was crumbling toward its fall. It was no time for five big oil corporations which had just been chiselled out of royal dominions in Mexico to practice Christian forgiveness. Within two months, with the AGWI tankers lying in embittered idleness off Tampico, Mexico's youngest oil impresario found that no tank cars or drilling equipment haulage could be corralled from his competitors and that he had only the sketchiest kind of pipe line connection.

The flop in Atlantic Gulf Oil washed back into Guffey-Gillespie. At the 1920-21 year's turn, its stock was skidding down from a comfortable 40 toward a panicky 10, and the New York banks holding Guffey collateral on the foreign over-extensions were howling for more. By midsummer, with the banks' cordial encouragement, the collateral, amounting to 54.8 per cent of the voting strength of the Guffey key corporation, was in the hands of Tidewater Oil Company, a subsidiary of the Standard group which had been one of the victims of Guffey the Second's official intimacy with two presidents. The Guffey oil tycoonship was definitely finished.

But meanwhile there had been a

few crucial moments, which are best described, perhaps, in official language. On December 28, 1922, the future Lord Guffey was indicted by a federal grand jury in New York on twelve counts, charging embezzlement of the funds of the United States entrusted to his care in the Alien Property Custodian's department. Early in 1921, when his corporate emergencies were greatest, it was charged, Pennsylvania's oil economist used \$406,001.36 of government interest for his personal benefit, borrowed \$275,000 from a New York bank by putting up \$328,000 of the government's Liberty bonds as collateral, and diverted \$7,651.05 of government petty cash into his private debt stabilization fund.

The indictment was never pressed and was *not pressed* in 1930. But in 1923 there were some illuminations on the subject in the sessions of a Senate committee investigating the charming leniencies of Attorney General Harry L. Daugherty in certain high matters. One George W. Storck, an accountant for the Department of Justice, testified, for instance, that "as to the Guffey matter, the Director of Sales (in the Alien Property Custodian's department) received more than \$55,000,000 during 1918 and 1919 from the sales of seized alien property, and used specifically for his own purposes \$398,000 which was part of the interest from bank deposits. . . . From banks which held trust funds under Mr. Guffey's con-

trol, Guffey borrowed on personal loans \$2,147,000. . . . Guffey made up the shortage by payments to the Alien Property Custodian in 1921."

"Did Guffey use that money to promote the Guffey-Gillespie Oil Company?" Senator Burton K. Wheeler pressed the witness.

"He used the money to borrow money to promote that corporation," Accountant Storck replied.

In moving for the *not prosequere* action of 1930, acting U. S. District Attorney Manley was even more specific. He declared:

Our evidence shows that Guffey had at various times used the interest money for his own purposes, but on demand and after an accounting to determine the amount of interest due, he paid in full. Of course the interest money did not belong to him. It belonged to someone else.

As to the count charging embezzlement of \$275,000, the motion recites:

Our evidence shows that on February 11, 1921, Guffey obtained a personal loan from the Guaranty Trust Company of New York for \$275,000. He deposited \$328,000 of Liberty bonds as collateral for this loan. These bonds belonged to the Alien Property Custodian and it is said they were taken by mistake from Guffey's box by someone acting for him and that Guffey's representatives should have taken other securities belonging to Guffey and which were in this box. When Guffey discovered this mistake and before the loan became due, he repaid on February 25, 1921, this personal loan of \$275,000.

But the brightest light on the Main Chance-taker's extremities was cast by no less a philanthropist than Guffey the Second's fellow Pittsburgher, Andrew W. Mellon. At the emotional climax of the Boss's 1934 senatorial campaign, the Honorable Gifford Pinchot hurled from the governor's chair in Harrisburg the charge that the "Alien Oil Custodian", as a Pittsburgh phrase-coiner once called the enterpriser in Colombian and Mexican jungles, got the money to square his accounts with the government from no less sinister a Croesus than Mr. Harding's Secretary of the Treasury. Rather to the surprise of the billionaire-baiters, the king of Pittsburgh money came back with a detailed and lucid explanation:

Mr. Guffey does not owe me any money and has never owed me any. What happened was that Judge Reed, the father of Senator Reed, called at my house on a Sunday morning shortly before I was to leave for Washington to become Secretary of the Treasury on March 4, 1921. Judge Reed informed me of the difficulty in which Mr. Guffey had become involved in his accounts in the Alien Property Custodian's office. He told me that while Guffey had turned over all his own and his sister's investments, there was not time for them to be liquidated, as cash must be provided immediately if the settlement which Guffey had made with the government was to be concluded before the Wilson Administration ended in a few days' time. Also Guffey's total assets were not sufficient to raise the sum required without a further guaranty of \$150,000, which Judge Reed

said he would himself underwrite but felt that he could not afford to risk so large a sum. He asked me if I would join him to the extent of underwriting half this amount of \$75,000, which I did. The liquidation of the Guffey securities eventually provided sufficient funds to cover the sum Judge Reed and I had guaranteed so that I was never called upon to pay any money.

The lord-in-the-making thanked the local sovereign somewhat ingenuously for his "Clear confirmation . . . that I never had any business or personal relations with him", and there the matter ended. When Guffey took his seat in the Senate he ranked technically with Paladins of Purity — a statesman *sans peur* of further legal proceedings and *sans reproche* of even so much as a direct Mellon hand-out.

IV

Alien Property berths for puissant Democrats vanished, however, with the oil debacle and the Wilson Administration, and the Main Chance-seeker went back in 1921 to tending the small chances of Pennsylvania politics. Actually, in spite of appearances, the 1920's were fairly fat years. The registered Pennsylvania Democracy shrank, it is true, to almost microscopic proportions. In Pittsburgh at its lowest ebb the master had less than 7000 voters in his skeleton regiments. In Philadelphia and even in the counties where Democratic majorities had been

customary, the showing was hardly better.

Yet in a sense it eased the Boss's problems. For ward-healers and heads of Democratic families, there were now, for the first time in history, almost enough minority patronage jobs to go around. Furthermore, the Boss had no ill will toward the 1920's crop of renegades. Most of them were carrying out Guffey orders and Guffey strategies in the wars of the Republican factions. They would come back to the old flag when the dinner horn sounded. In 1932 it began sounding with, to Guffey ears, a record-breaking vehemence.

As the cloudy New Deal structure began to rise on the horizon, the ex-sales director saw the Main Chance written on the skyline in new lineaments. At last a patronage set-up had been created in Pennsylvania which the Republican bosses of a vanished era, Penrose, Quay, and the Camerons, would have given their shirts for. In the vast Relief and emergency activities of the federal government, there lay the three essentials of machine domination as domination was understood in Pennsylvania politics:

1. Jobs for votes (Only this time there would be jobs for *all* the voters who needed them).
2. Fat jobs for campaign contributions. The emergency agencies could be "had" to that extent.
3. Party organization, well fi-

nanced, functioning 365 days in the year.

With these realities in a political hope chest, there was rationally a better chance of carrying Pennsylvania for the Democrats than the Republicans had of holding it by a simple appeal to vanished pork, old habits, and emotional loyalties. Furthermore, if Guffey could only swoop down upon Washington with a convincing story that he was the man who *could* carry Pennsylvania, there were no limits to the facilities for political machine-building that might be extended to him. As a gamble on sheerly political Main Chances it promised to lead higher than interlocking oil promotions with government finances — and was considerably safer.

Lord Guffey is now in the middle of it. If he loses, he will still have four more years of his senatorship and the greatest minority politicking force to play with in the history of Pennsylvania factions. If he wins, there are already indications that the vision of the Main Chance is due for another melodramatic expansion. For deep in the Guffey confidences this

past Summer a new promotional note was sounded. If the Democrats need Pennsylvania to win in 1936, runs the latest tune of the Guffey henchmen, they will need it even more in 1940 — and the only way to be sure of it will be to head the ticket with a Pennsylvania candidate. The candidate's name has even been mentioned. He is George H. Earle, the Guffey-picked Democratic governor of Pennsylvania, and the donor of a pleasing \$176,000 to his own and the junior Senator's 1934 campaign fund.

Not infrequently jeers have been heard in Capitol cloakrooms at the promotional virtuosity involved in these calculations, and there even have been occasional caustic references to oil over-extensions in the past. All the same, since the subject has been mentioned, Lord Guffey has been treated by his colleagues with, if possible, increased deference. After all, there is no harm in cultivating the favor of a High Provincial Baron who, when Mr. Farley has been tossed to the wolves for his deficiencies, might become the Republic's next Earl of Warwick.



THE BIRTH CONTROL INDUSTRY

BY HARRISON REEVES

THE fact that one of America's fastest-growing and most prosperous businesses is conducted brazenly in the face of a thousand laws which specifically forbid its existence, is a paradox that is generally overlooked in the public's scramble to acquire some of that selfsame industry's valuable products. It is not so vast, say, as the petroleum business, because we spend more time riding aimlessly about in motor cars than we do stopping to make love; nor can it be compared in total volume of sales to the cosmetics trade with which it is in several ways allied. It is more notorious than some of America's widely-advertised commercial combines because it thrives on free, or word-of-mouth, publicity; moreover, it boasts of widespread intellectual approval and millions of satisfied users. Its cash sales run into hundreds of millions of dollars annually, and its potential profits approach the billion-dollar mark. And yet, as noted above, the private sale of birth control devices is strictly a bootleg business, prohibited everywhere, including Russia, by the most intricate laws ever devised by the legalistic mind of man.

Strangely enough, little progress has been made in securing the repeal of these laws, and it is likely that less and less effort will be expended in coming years. For the problem can be solved in simpler fashion; and that is by treating the laws as though they did not exist. This is the current procedure in America as well as in the rest of the civilized world, the populace having been sold on the idea that the best way to combat tyranny is first to defy it, and then apply force. In the instance of birth control, the force applied is the simple one of large commercial profits. There is a vast amount of money in the business, and it has attracted indubitable talent. These modern entrepreneurs have come to believe, and with reason, that the industry will soon be commonplace and honorable, and that the old taboos will disappear in the same manner as did those once exercised against witches in the puritanical purlieus of Salem, Massachusetts.

From the strictly industrial point of view, the total dollar volume of the birth control medication and device business in America now approximates \$300,000,000 a year. Yet

this retail total, fancy as it may seem, does not include the profits derived from the sales of condoms (classically mispronounced term in a Republic that knows not of Sir Richard Condom of George III's reign) which are estimated by informed rubber manufacturers at \$275,000,000 annually for the 5,000,000 articles manufactured and sold *daily*. The \$300,000,000 is spent for jellies, chemicals, pessaries, suppositories, caps, rings, and compounded prescriptions from birth control textbooks, of such classical nature that the pharmacist may fill the medico's stipulations by counting out so many pills or capsules from the original barrel in which he bought them from the wholesale manufacturer. The pharmacist, however, does keep books and files reports, so the volume is known.

The trade, to use a euphonious term, is divided between nine large and some 200 small manufacturers. No one of the nine leading concerns, of course, can boast anything like the gross sales of the leading condom entrepreneur, whose annual report discloses that he makes and sells 144,000 daily at three for one dollar, representing a total of some 50,000,000 articles retailed each year for, say, \$17,000,000. Yet even though he undertakes no advertising or promotional work, his profits are smaller in proportion than those of the jelly manufacturers, and so the scales are kept balanced. The secret of his success is that his product is better es-

tablished in a psychological sense, being thought, rightly or wrongly, to promise a slimmer margin of disaster. Whatever the accuracy of this claim, he may point at the close of each year to a net far in excess of many leading department stores.

The known, catalogued, and credit-worthy distributing agencies for the trade number about 125,000, comprising the so-called "daily outlet" list of steady customers. These include 64,000 independent drugstores, thirty-five chains of pharmacies with 7000 shops, 40,000 cosmetic stores and beauty parlors, approximately 150 recognized free clinics for the dissemination of birth control advice and devices, and several thousand assorted gasoline filling stations, found on every street and highway in the nation. The exact number of these latter dispensaries is still a matter of academic dispute between manufacturers, jobbers, and the oil company executives, who have given the matter deep and restrained study. But despite the dispute on numbers, the filling station outlet is one of high importance, particularly in the South, where the sales traffic is thought to be due to the climate and the habit of evening driving, rather than to any emotional intensity or the great distance between drugstores. No oil company executive has as yet circularized his dealers, warning of sales practice, although it is generally disapproved for the same reason that selling liquor was frowned upon dur-

ing Prohibition, *i.e.*, that bootlegging of any sort may lead to a feeling of irresponsibility toward the mother corporation, resulting in short changing and short gallons.

Insofar as practical results are concerned, the birth control industry has discovered that campaigns utilizing slot machines — that is, the mechanical peddling of condoms at from ten to twenty-five cents in barber shops, hotel washrooms, public lavatories, and so on — are not successful, as the public believes that the articles so trafficked are of inferior quality. Furthermore, the advertising placards and devices used have had the defect of being too obvious. Commerce — dignified commerce — is no place for humor. Hence, outlets of this sort are somewhat negligible, although they might show promise if conducted on a more restrained basis. In fact, promotional schemes put forward by the trade have included attempts to install vending machines on battleships, in army barracks, in police headquarters, in country club locker rooms, and other such secluded places where he-men congregate. Successful installations of this sort, according to the trade, would give “class” to the business, speed word-of-mouth advertising, and break down one barrier after another. But progress to date has been discouragingly slow.

Not included in the above list of outlets are the trade returns from physicians who sell over the counter, so to speak; from the thousands of

female canvassers who conduct a house-to-house business; and from the famous mail-order houses, all of which carry a full line of standard devices as well as advertise the products in their stupendous catalogues, with legally censored blurbs furnished by the manufacturers. Their prices are considerably below the prevailing market, as the mail-order establishments receive a sizable discount from the industry as a reward for mass sales. Physicians are usually allowed jobbers’ discounts, yet they sell to women patients at the fixed retail figures. It is only their prescription practice that might reasonably be termed a racket, because they do not actually write original formulas but merely an analysis in Latin of the prescription used universally by manufacturers. The practice, of course, may be defended, not because of the fee, but because the lady in question may be less hesitant about presenting a Latin document, which she hopes the druggist won’t stop to ponder, than of asking baldly across the counter for a patent medicine that she might have seen advertised in that morning’s *New York Times*, or in any other newspaper in the United States save the *Christian Science Monitor*. But in any event, the lady gets what she wants.

II

There is no considerable difference between the various jellies and

chemicals now on the market, organically or in degrees of efficiency, while the mechanical contraptions — condoms excepted — are all precisely the same, usually being manufactured by the large concerns for dozens of owners of trade names. Condoms, however, like tires, vary in strength, according to quality and price. In the statistics given here, such articles as douche bags, syringes, diaphragms, and spermotoxins are eliminated, because the prescription of any one by a physician, or their common-sense use without medical advice, may be dictated by conditions other than birth control proper. In fact, if the first two items named were included in the figures, the totals for the trade would be doubled at least. For it is irrefutably true that birth control insurance is not bought for nothing.

Of proper consideration, however, is the amount of money which might be saved by more widespread use of birth control machinery. I refer to the nation's abortion bill. It is estimated by the best-informed actuaries — life insurance experts, hospital authorities, and surgeons — at one billion dollars a year. Some say two billion. Prices run from \$35, which is standard in the Manhattan slums where medical competition is unbelievably brisk, to \$1500 standard for the Gold Coast of Hollywood. The average bourgeois price in New York is \$50 and in the smaller county seats, \$100. This excepts, of course, the unscrupulous surgeons who charge

whatever the traffic will bear or whatever the case can be scared into. On the other hand, countless abortions are done for nothing by medicos who would not care to risk performing them for money, although the peril is the same, if not worse. Usually it is a case of the friend, or of the unfortunate gal. In practice, it is said that such feminine patients are more likely to squeal than the hard-boiled, who know what they are up against.

There is another actuarial figure, too, which bears great import for insurance men. It is the death rate created by these simple little operations. In the United States, where the art is not nearly so highly developed nor so well taught as in many other countries, there are annually 15,000 known deaths, verified by autopsy. There are probably an even greater number accepted by coroners as due to appendicitis (the appendicitis death rate is notoriously high among women of non-canonical age) in which the appendix may or may not have been taken out along with the foetus, just as a precautionary measure. And in many cases it is removed afterwards, that is, after death, although a good observer should be able to establish readily such a lapse. Yet it might be difficult to make a jury understand the reasons. In any case, it has been more or less proved that over a long period of years, there are more deaths from abortion among women than there are from wars among men.

Among the lighter aspects of birth control in America is the line-up of respectability in favor of it — indeed, on the fighting line for it. The list includes an amazing lot of “first names”, as the bankers say. These people are, as in all American causes on a grand scale, divided into two camps, supposedly hostile but not really so. They are the sociologists and the medicos. The first group would outline a sublime policy and proceed legally and properly; they would tolerate no compromise with principle, on the peculiar theory that to do so would bring defeat in practice.

The second group, the medicos, possessing a tinge of skepticism and a subtle intuition for slipping things by the good people, would prevent births in any old fashion, on the business-like theory that the way to do anything is to do it, leaving the ultimate organization and practice to grow somehow out of the successful muddle.

With the sociologists, who get most of the publicity, are the great ladies of society; publicity-loving clergy; certain politicians; amorous young scholars, writers, and artists who like to talk; wealthy old maids; professional female leaders who have graduated from the Junior League; and university presidents and professors. Bracketed with the doctors are the pharmacists and all other birth control retailers; the great manufacturers and the little ones; the advertising

agencies who concoct delicious but legal copy; the lawyers who advise on the problems of censorship; and generally the entire public, male and female, that watches certain calendar dates.

As for the scientific status of birth control, it is in a healthy, growing condition. That is, there is just enough uncertainty to provoke laboratory experiment, and just enough achieved success to justify continuation. The most elaborate, best applied methods would appear statistically to be about 93.3 per cent failure-proof. Which is very high indeed in any medical matter. There is an excellent exchange of information between countries by correspondence and publication, and at the annual international conventions. The so-called struggle between the sociologists and the doctors is another stimulant against dullness, bringing out new qualities on both sides. But in the opinion of the best writers, the final solution to birth control will come accidentally one day out of the brain of a genius who will be working at something else. It will be, no doubt, a harmless, temporary sterility. The problem is not extremely complex. There is a great deal of harmless, permanent sterilization today, especially in Germany, and in view of the pre-eminence of that country in this field of experiment, the temporary sterility method may be perfected in some university there.

But the industrial future of birth

control is not so bright. From all indications the large, old-line pharmaceutical manufacturers will slowly buy up the more successful and audacious little fellows. Then the business will become as classical and as unprofitable as bandages and eye-wash. The eminent lawyers will continue to outsmart the censors, and the judges — Catholic, Jew, or Protestant — will more and more sway juries into acquittals. Education in the art is coming along rapidly. Birth control is actually being taught — in a disguised form — in several hundred leading high schools today. The teacher in physiology supplements what the teacher in biology has already taught the boys and girls about the wasteful prodigality of nature in her breeding machine, by explaining

that with the animals called people, science regulates this rate. The way thus is opened to the doctor, after preliminary gossip with the girls and boys who are already informed. The day when the same knowledge will be instilled into Sunday school scholars will perhaps come along before these institutions pass into affectionate memory.

In any case, the bootleggers have again won in the fight of human liberty against religious tyrants. And the ladies have again proved their mettle on the vast battlefield. The heresy of all heresies, that the purpose of life is not just to create more persons exactly alike in all their misery to the ones who made them, and so on *ad infinitum*, has actually come to pass.



HEALING

BY EILEEN HALL

THIS quiet girl belongs to sleep and music:
 A weary man might hunger for that hair,
 Leaf-brown and falling softly as a shadow,
 To teach tranquillity a twilight air.

A weary man might rest in that mild climate,
 That tender spring, too temperate for the South,
 And learn of harmony, heartsease, and healing —
 It was not peace you sought upon my mouth.

ENEMIES OF THE NEW DEAL

Inasmuch as THE MERCURY has devoted considerable space to articles revealing the more monumental absurdities of the New Deal, it seems reasonable to present one entirely opposite point of view, straight from Headquarters. Accordingly, we asked the Democratic Party for an article, which we agreed to publish in full, precisely as written and titled. The authority selected for the task, one of the rulers of the Republic during the past three years, has been widely publicized as Assistant-President, as Number Two New Dealer, and as first-in-line for appointment to the Supreme Court. Herewith we present Mr. Donald R. Richberg's manuscript just as it was received in THE MERCURY office. — The Editor.

HUNTING THE JABBERWOCK IN 1936

BY DONALD R. RICHBERG

ACCORDING to Throttlebottom Knox, Landon Hearst, Hex Hoover, Liberty Shouse, the Coughlin-Townsend-Lemke wrecking crew, and Alice Through-the-Looking-Glass Longworth, it appears that the Democratic candidate for President is a wicked dragon named the Jabberwock. You remember that when Alice went through the looking glass, she found a book in which she read:

Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that
catch!

Beware the Jubjub bird and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch.

Alice never did understand who the Jabberwock was until she met Humpty Dumpty (who like Hex Hoover had a great fall); and the people of these United States would probably never have imagined that the Jabberwock was running for President if the receding Republican Party had not gone back to Alice to learn how to put Humpty Dumpty up in his place again.

Of course, Alice reported that "all

the King's horses and all the King's men" couldn't do the job. She suggested, however, that it would be lots of fun to tell people there was a Jabberwock loose in the United States; and then to organize an expedition to slay the Jabberwock.

"But we want to beat Roosevelt," explained Ham Fletcher, the oncoming retiring chairman of the committee, "and we don't know how."

"I'm trying to explain," said Alice patiently, "that you get a crowd together to hunt the Jabberwock. You get them all scared; and make them hate the Jabberwock. Then you tell them that Roosevelt is the Jabberwock in disguise — and the only way to slay the Jabberwock is to beat Roosevelt."

"Sounds like a fairy story to me," said a tired old committeeman.

"But that's what people like," cried Alice. "They all like to hear fairy stories. Everybody likes my fairy stories. Let's make up the biggest fairy story ever told about the Jabberwock."

"It's your only chance to win," whispered Liberty Shouse. "I'll bet two million du Ponts, I mean two du Pont millions, that we carry Delaware."

"Nominate me and you'll carry Illinois!" shouted Knox. "I believe in fairies."

"He won't carry Illinois if he believes in fairies," said the old committeeman. "We've got to have a candidate who can talk sense in pri-

vate, even if he has to rave in public."

"Our candidate," said Ham Fletcher, "must be a man who looks as though he believes what he says, especially when it doesn't make sense."

"I have it," said Alice. "One man to say nothing about a lot of things and one to say a lot of things about nothing; while we all go hunting the Jabberwock everywhere from Maine to California."

The tired old committeeman stood up with tears running down his cheeks and shouted:

And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous days! Callooh! Callay!
He chortled in his joy.

So the great campaign to save American institutions from being saved was started. Jabberwocky was born! Jabberwocky marches on!

II

The first thing to do in a Jabberwock hunt is to gather gullible people together around the campfires and tell them hair-raising tales about the dreadful designs and frightful powers of this fabled monster. You start out mildly describing him as a giant twelve feet tall with gleaming teeth, with long cruel claws, and a great appetite for little children. Then as you build up your listeners' credulity you increase the size and viciousness of the dragon, letting your imagination run riot; because,

as you explain, no one ever will see the Jabberwock as he really is, because he is only visible when cunningly disguised to look like a friendly creature.

And, as you carry along your pop-eyed audience into the nightmare wood, the hobgoblin becomes more and more real, horror grows and grows, until with gnashing teeth and panting breath, you can babble meaningless words that increase the terror of the mob into an ecstasy of fear and hatred — as you tell them how —

The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffing through the tulgey
wood,
And burbled as it came!

In this way, for three long years, has been built up the fantastic vision of a Jabberwock, outwardly appearing as a kindly, well-meaning gentleman, but turgidly transformed into a sky-towering monster “whiffing” and “burling” and “boondoggling” his way through our fevered dreams, so that many waken each morning in a cold sweat of fear lest before the day is over they may find this Communistic cannibal eating them alive in the ruins of their homes.

A raucous, ranting chain of newspapers denounces Franklin D. Roosevelt as a “Communist”, because under his administration we are continuing to obtain federal revenues by income taxes — a “Communistic” method of taxation which was inaugurated in this country by Abra-

ham Lincoln and written into the Constitution by the cumulative efforts of such Socialistic revolutionaries as Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and William Howard Taft!

Educated men and women incite “the mob” against the use of political scientists and economists in government, deriding the “Brain Trust” and exalting “common sense” above expert advice, special training, and experience. They demand an end to any carefully devised and scientifically planned “experimentation”, and a return to individual, wholesale, haphazard experimentation as the best way to solve vast and complicated problems.

If six million farmers are in distress because hard work and patient individual effort have not enabled them to earn a decent living, it is proclaimed as “regimentation” to help them organize a collective effort to improve their condition.

If millions of wage earners are unemployed and millions of others have only an insecure hold on an inadequate livelihood, then it is proclaimed a crime against liberty and an attack upon American institutions to help both employers and employees to organize their efforts to increase employment and to raise a subnormal standard of living.

When a banking system, through which flows the life blood of commerce, has been so badly managed that it ceases to function, it is ac-

claimed temporarily as a great deed to restore it to operating efficiency. But it is denounced as an abuse of political power to insist upon permanent improvements so that the heart of our industrial system will not be overstrained and collapse the next time it is subjected to a heavy demand.

A magazine such as *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, which is properly scornful of "imbecilities" and quack remedies that appeal to impecunious morons, devotes hundreds of pages appealing to the moronic emotions of those able to buy a twenty-five-cent monthly dose of Jabberwocky. For example, now that general confidence in a somewhat improved banking system has been restored, with the aid of an insurance deposit law which protects those most needing protection and least able to prevent banking mismanagement, *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* prints a silly piece of despicable misguidance entitled "The Bank Insurance Myth". This is a public service on the same low level of dishonesty as the shriek of the Republican candidate for Vice-President broadcasting the alarm that bank deposits and insurance policies are all unsafe.

When Paul Revere undertook to arouse the countryside, he waited until he knew that the red-coats were marching and there was going to be a war. But, suppose that after the war was over, Paul Revere had returned from abroad and had seen thousands of previously idle men

going back to work, and had seen thousands of farmers reaping profitable crops in previously unprofitable fields, and had seen bank doors once closed now open to millions of reassured depositors, and had seen a nation of once discouraged people moving confidently toward better times. And suppose that he had then mounted his horse to gallop through highways and byways shouting: "Jabberwock is coming! The Red devils are on the march! America is in peril!" Then Paul Revere would have become a laughing stock, not a hero of American history.

A large number of unappreciative, comfortable people today resent being called Tories and modestly classify themselves as Paul Reveres who are trying to awaken the slumbering countryside. But posterity will laugh down such pretensions and classify them accurately as the Tories of their generation, who did not have enough courage or confidence in their own virtue to oppose Roosevelt and the New Deal on the candid ground that they believe in economic royalism and have no faith in economic democracy. They should stand for an honest difference of opinion, which is as old as government, between those who believe in the strong-arm control of the State by a small class who are adept in organizing economic or military power, and those who believe in the less efficient, but usually more just, processes of self-government.

The outstanding criticisms of the Roosevelt Administration are at bottom attacks on the weaknesses of democratic government. Opponents who were genuine democrats might logically demand improved laws and better administration. But no genuine and intelligent democrat would attack Roosevelt as a Jabberwock threatening to destroy American institutions.

That is the obvious cry of a Tory, who, alarmed by a vigorous effort to democratize an economic system so that it will serve primarily the general welfare, denounces this as an attack upon "liberty", which means simply his liberty to advance his selfish interests regardless of the public interest. He sincerely wishes to believe that private enterprise should be free from practically all public obligations, except the very moderate taxes necessary to support a government of strictly limited powers—even though private enterprise thus uncontrolled may plunge the nation into vast depressions and profound civil conflicts.

But the Tory knows in his heart that he cannot sustain this theory of government; and that he himself wants the aid and protection of a much more powerful government than he is willing to see established under popular control. He knows that he cannot ask masses of voters to turn against a champion of mass interests. So he creates the Jabberwock—a mythical dragon who is

pictured as the enemy of "the American way of life"—and, having deceived himself as to his own intentions and his own philosophy, he seeks with the enthusiasm of fear and hate to arouse the people to join in a patriotic campaign to slay the Jabberwock.

III

It is after midnight; and Junior, who returned from the Country Club a little drunk, is being assisted to bed with some fatherly advice from Bullion, Senior.

"Listen, my boy, this is no time for trifling. Don't you know we are on the verge of a revolution?"

"What's happened?" demands Junior, making a great effort to remove his shirt without unbuttoning it. "Did the market take a flop?"

"No, of course not. Everything's going up. And they'll keep on going up. Don't let me catch you selling anything short. But what's the use of my making money if it is all going to be wasted by reckless spending."

"Oh, now Dad," protests Junior. "You want me to keep up with our crowd, don't you? Everybody's going high, wide, and handsome nowadays; and you yourself said we made more money this Spring than in the last two years."

"I'm not talking about your spending," snaps Bullion. "I'm talking about this government extravagance, supporting all these people in idle-

ness, coddling the farmers and encouraging labor to demand higher wages. It's an outrage. It's unconstitutional. It's Communism. The country is going to the dogs!"

"Did you hear Father Coughlin, tonight?" asks Junior, anxious to contribute something to this profound discussion of public affairs. "They had the radio on in the cocktail lounge. He certainly agrees with you about Roosevelt. Oh, boy! How he panned him! Said the laboring man and the farmer should unite against Wall Street and beat the President. It's kind of hard to figure that out; because he is really trying to unite them *with* Wall Street. But he makes a great speech, doesn't he?"

"I don't like him," replies Bullion. "But that's what happens when you have a man in the White House who stirs up the mob and makes them think the world owes them a living. We get Coughlin and Townsend and Lemke trying to raise hell and taxes all over the country."

"Funny they're all so hot against Roosevelt, isn't it?" muses Junior. "They say he's trying to save us capitalists from our sins. Guess we don't want to be saved, do we?"

"I don't want to be saved by him! Now it's time for bed. Good-night."

"Good-night, dad. Hope you don't dream about the revolution!"

The dictograph record of the foregoing conversation is of course inaccurate, because it is evident from the publicized balderdash emitted by

anti-Roosevelt fanatics that their private conversations descend to a much lower level of intelligence than that reached by the Bullions. Indeed, I have listened to men of large affairs rave about the President in a way clearly exhibiting a temporary insanity.

They repeat with conviction, scandalous stories that a normal child of twelve would not believe. They rant about "violations" of the Constitution with comic disregard of the fact that they could not quote correctly a single provision of that great document, and that they utterly lack any training which would enable them to understand the meaning of any broad constitutional requirement or the effect of a Supreme Court interpretation.

They attack economic and political policies with arguments that disprove their own contentions. In one breath they criticize the President for not doing things far beyond his constitutional authority or actual power, and in the next breath damn him as a usurper and dictator for doing precisely what he is empowered to do.

Having lived through many national campaigns and studied many more, I think it can be fairly stated that there is less reason and intelligence shown in the present opposition to the New Deal than in any national election in our history. The viciousness and meanness of the assaults upon Roosevelt are only repe-

titions of the venom of attacks upon Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln. But in all these earlier battles there was a fundamental sanity in the attack. In each instance the conflict was between a conservative entrenched class of society and a radical group determined to establish a different order of society.

The Jeffersonian and Jacksonian Democrats were seeking to destroy, and did destroy, a system of economic privilege maintained by political limitations upon the ability of common people to control their government. Out of these conflicts came civil liberty, universal suffrage (without property qualifications), universal education, and adequate law-making power in the elected representatives of the people. The abolition of slavery brought—as was expected—a profound change in the political-economic order.

These conflicts of interest were so real and so deep that violence of expression and action were natural expressions of sane emotions. Today it may also be true that we are moving toward a fundamental conflict over the control of material things and the direction of the economic system. If eventually a majority of the people are to be primarily users of things they do not own and servants of an economic power which they do not control, they will inevitably insist upon imposing more and greater restraints and obligations on those who own and control the

use of wealth which should be employed for the good of all.

If we had arrived in America at the condition where employees and tenants as a “regimented” class far outnumbered the class of employers and owners, we would be now facing that conflict which heated imaginations already envision—a conflict which makes some people already see a Communist in every ragged coat and a revolutionist in every political leader who seeks vigorously and effectively to undo social wrongs that afflict masses of the people.

But we have not yet arrived at this condition. We have millions of home owners on the farms and in the towns. We have millions of men and women working for themselves in fairly independent occupations. We have individual, exclusive ownership of billions of dollars of useful things and a widely distributed ownership through separate small investments and through insurance companies, in a large fraction of corporate wealth.

We have arrived at a modern interdependence upon each other which modifies our pioneer individualism. But, despite all political exaggeration, the masses of the people are not regimented into the condition of permanent employees and tenants. There is a well-nigh universal interest in protecting the rights of private ownership and the opportunities and freedom of private enterprise. The day of an “irrepressible conflict” has

not yet arrived. We know that we can postpone it; and most of us are hopeful that it can be finally avoided.

In the depressing years between 1929 and 1933, we seemed to be moving into an unavoidable choice between continuing an irresponsible, private control of our economic system and the organization of something in the nature of a political control. All thoughtful persons dreaded the event, knowing that a political struggle for such power would engulf at least one and perhaps many generations in revolutionary disorders and a vast waste of human and material resources.

We looked abroad and saw the beginnings of a new world-wide conflict between class interests organizing in the ranks of Fascism and Communism. On all sides we heard men seriously discussing the need for a dictatorship, partly to bring order into our disordered economy and partly to prevent the rise of an even more feared political power. Men of wealth envisioned a "strong man" to restore and protect disintegrating rights of property. Labor leaders envisioned a "strong man" to restore a vanishing "right to work".

With the trumpet blast of his Inaugural address, President Roosevelt aroused the hopes of all; and the early days of his administration established a confidence that America was going to find a new and better way out of the economic and political insecurity that oppressed the

whole world. But under all the outspoken, non-partisan support of every economic class there moved a fear and a hope. A fear that this democratic leader would "dictate" a new ascendancy of capital or labor with new privileges and powers for "the other fellow". A hope that his "dictatorship" would serve the self-interest of one or another economic group.

And so for nearly two years the people cheered and watched — cheering less loudly and watching more carefully as time passed by. The most vital question day by day, headlined and editorialized in the press, was: Is he moving to the Right or to the Left?

When the official answer was made: "We are moving straight on up the middle of the road", the strong partisans were incredulous and dissatisfied. "You can't fool us," said the reactionaries. "He's catering to the mob."

"You can't fool us," said the radicals. "He's making terms with Wall Street."

Only the plain people, the average man and woman, could be expected to be satisfied with such a tolerant, middle-of-the-road policy.

The man of wealth complained of high taxes and restraints upon his "freedom". But the unemployed, the overworked, and the underpaid, had a right to expect their government to collect money for their support and to put restraints on the "free-

dom" of a few to withhold the means of subsistence from millions of destitute families.

The man in the middle of the road could see that property rights could not be protected against the wrath of millions left long in dire want. He could also see that property values must be protected against a blind wrath which would destroy them or against an incompetent power that would waste them in seeking a futile "distribution of wealth".

The man in the middle of the road had been able to revive the faith of the people in themselves and in their methods of self-government. But then he came to the even harder task of persuading those who were mentally prepared to fight each other that they ought to work for and to sacrifice for each other.

He had to persuade the well-to-do that "recovery" could not mean getting back as much money and power as they once had. He had to persuade the less fortunate that "recovery" could not mean getting back as much as they might get in a temporary boom, or as much as they ought to get eventually in their share of a well-balanced prosperity. He had to persuade everybody that "recovery" must mean — not the immediate realization of all their hopes — but the sound foundation of an improved economic system in which the decent ambitions of an industrious people might be steadily advanced.

The curious feature — the prevailing insanity — of the present campaign is that the dominant issue of the campaign is as unreal and unimportant as a nightmare. The Republican campaign is a wild-eyed, shrieking expedition to destroy the Jabberwock. The Coughlin-Lemke adventure has the same crazy objective.

There is no Jabberwock with "the jaws that bite, the claws that catch"! There is no "dictator", no revolutionist seeking to destroy the Constitution, no fomenter of the class struggle, against whom this joint assault of mad reactionaries and mad radicals has been launched. They say they are fighting Franklin D. Roosevelt — but they are really attacking an imaginary dragon who lives only in their dreams.

They might oppose Roosevelt in their waking moments for many reasons; but only in the horrid grip of a nightmare can they possibly see and describe him as a menace to the "American way of life". Here is a man whose habits of thought and action and whose whole administration is "American" to the last degree — typically American.

With the applause of the whole nation he moved swiftly and courageously to stop the Depression, to end fear and confusion, to point out the true American way to solve our new problems. He never advanced a revolutionary proposal to change our political or economic system. He

did not mobilize regiments of private militia or call out the army to force his will upon a terrorized people. He did not browbeat Congress or try to muzzle a free press.

On the contrary, he called in men from the universities—a “Brain Trust”; he called in leaders of business, agriculture, and labor. He sought and used the advice of all who would help devise a program. He made his recommendations to the Congress—as the Constitution requires—and the only laws he enforced were those written by the Congress. When the courts stopped the enforcement of some laws he accepted their decisions as the law with less questioning of their authority than had been shown by Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, and Theodore Roosevelt.

All through these difficult troubled years he talked freely to the people, explaining just what he was trying to do; and he allowed his subordinates in government a freedom of speech greater than permitted by any other President. Perhaps some of them (like myself) talked too much. But this freedom of public expression showed clearly that the President was tolerant of and listened to all points of view. No “dictator” has ever behaved that way.

The President called to his side so many men of varying opinions and political faith that today the bookstores are overflowing with books of his former aides who are opposing

him because their plans and theories were not adopted. Now here are the only genuine issues of the campaign: Are the New Deal measures the best program for a permanent improvement of our economic system?

But here is where the anti-Roosevelt campaign breaks down completely. There is no alternative program. There is not even a sound negative program. What present laws would the opposition repeal? They cannot answer; because they would be compelled to admit that the major part of the program must be carried through.

The opposition would “improve” some of the New Deal laws. No one would welcome an improvement in any law quicker than the President. But how should these laws be improved? The answer is silence. No one knows as well as President Roosevelt the difficulties which had to be overcome in writing these laws; and no one can duplicate his experience in watching their operation and in discovering how they can be improved. If better lawmaking and administration are wanted, who can compare with the President in training for and knowledge of the job?

Faced with the difficulty of maintaining the theme of the Landon acceptance speech—which was simply—“We can do it better”—the opposition is swinging back to the Liberty League—Old Guard—Die-Hard Strategy: “We must slay the Jabberwock.”

FRENCH IN ONE EASY LESSON

BY C. M. WEBSTER

THAT remarkable collection of individuals, the A.E.F., has been lauded for every one of its manifold accomplishments except its greatest — its ability to speak French. The Americans may not have won the war single-handed, but they used the best words. Two million doughboys learned a tough foreign language overnight, got everything they wanted — food, liquor, tobacco, blondes, and brunettes — and got it in the way they wanted it. Furthermore, the A.E.F. reduced a proud race to such abject surrender that it was forced to speak the French of Private Jones and not of the Academy. Pvt. Jones and his fellows broke down all existing concepts of linguistics: the language of Racine came to them or there was no sale.

The A.E.F. began its career as the greatest living group of linguists by discarding all academic hindrances. The problems of syntax, conjugation, and declension were despised, while pronunciation was ignored. A verb was a verb, and who in hell wanted to know its tense, number, or person? Likewise, a noun was the name of something. The nuisances, *le*, *la*, and *les* did not exist — or became the

useful *ler*. As for that awful *en* which teachers make so much of, or the position of adjectives, or this or that delicacy of expression — they were dismissed as professional artificialities serving only to slow up the process of getting what was wanted. The philosophers may not know it yet, but the A.E.F. was the largest collection of practicing pragmatists the world has ever seen. Its theory of language was consistent: words had to work and bring results; no one was interested in them when they didn't click. Thus, a man wanted a drink. He asked for it. If he got it, he had spoken French.

Pvt. Jones, the typical soldier, was a triple-threat man and equally proficient in buying merchandise, cognac, and girls. He arrived in France in August, 1917, and settled down in Dijon to dig latrines for drafted men who were yet to come. It was a hell of a life for a hero who enlisted to kill Germans, but there were compensations downtown. Within a month he could enjoy Dijon as he could Peoria. From the very first he ignored French dictionaries and the services of highbrows who had studied French. His faith was

justified. Languages could be mastered with no fuss or expense if a man only threw away his fool ideas and acted natural.

Thus at 6.05 of a Saturday evening in September, 1917, we could have seen Pvt. Jones leaving his barracks for six hours of Gallic life. On the way downtown he greets a few strolling girls with *bonjoor* and *promenade aveck mwaw?*, but he isn't really interested; he has just learned necessary words and is using them naturally. He enters the Café de la Bourse with confidence. And why not? He has *bowcoo franks* and the French where he wants them. Seated, he looks the place over, and spots a likely-looking *madermerzell*. She is with a *polloo*, but what of that? Drinking, however, comes first, and he yells *garsun!* The café is crowded with French soldiers, but three waiters run to see what the crazy American wants. One short month has taught them that these barbarians are liable to start something if kept waiting. Pvt. Jones wants *oon coneyack tootsweet* and adds *depashtaw!* His cognac arrives and is raised to the café at large with *votrer santay!* Then he bellows *garsun!* again, and *oncore* or *ler maim shows*.

Half an hour later five *coneyacks* have been consumed, along with a beer or two and some exotic stuff which Jones got by pointing at a drink served to what he calls a *feel der chamber*, a literal designation

based on the *feel's* activities in *chambers*. He demands: *Kescursay?* The *garsun* says a lot of words, but Jones pays no attention: his question was purely rhetorical; he knew it was a drink. *Donnay mwaw* oon he commands. The drink proves to be *crème de cacao* and is rejected by Jones as *oon bwaw der caneesh ay oon gogo-geneef*, a remark that renders the *garsun* temporarily speechless. Later he tells the French soldiers about it, and they agree that Americans certainly do pick up the language quickly.

II

Pvt. Jones now decides that he's *fame* and must *mange*. On the way out he stops to talk with the girl he spotted. Her escort starts to remonstrate, but shrugs cynically after a look at Jones' shoulders. *Promenade aveck mwaw sir swaw weet err*, states Jones. Mlle. Brieux breaks into excited but flattered remonstrance. *Tays twaw!* says Jones. *Weet err!* he repeats. Then he looks her over appreciatively and adds *tray joelee* as he leaves. Outside he announces: "That's the way to talk to 'em!"

Jones does not look at the menu in the Restaurant Bongain. Soldiers who can't read French merely stab at it blindly or trust the waiter; but Jones speaks French and orders: *Bifsteak, bowcoo poomdaytaresfreet, pettypwaws, burr, pan, van*. A comrade says: *Lermaimshows, coney-*

ack, and one gourmet wants: *Freet-pullet, bowcoo poomdaytaresfreet, hairycoes, van*. The waiter inquires what kind of wine they desire. Jones catches a distorted version of *van* and answers in a practical manner *dees frank's*. This is a new one on the waiter, and Jones has to explain: *No plew cur dees frank's poor van*. The waiter goes away to tell his fellows of this eminently sensible way of ordering wine. Twice within an hour Jones has taught Frenchmen how to use their own language.

Our *soldat* eats hurriedly, but he does not pay the *addisheon* until after remonstrating that it is *trow grand*. The waiter had expected this and lops off five of the ten francs he has added. Pvt. Jones suspects his duplicity but can't prove it. A comrade wants to clean out the place, but Jones restrains him and merely calls the waiter *oon espesh der vash*. He then strolls out well-satisfied with himself, but stops long enough to tell the cashier that she has *joelee jombs*. You can never tell when you'll need friends.

Back at the Café de la Bourse, Jones finds his girl, and her French lover departs hurriedly. Mlle. Brieux lowers her eyes demurely, but Jones is wasting no time. *Promenade aveck mwaw*, he says. *Mais* — and Mlle. says a few dozen words, to which Jones pays no attention. *Veeann!* he interrupts. Mlle. speaks at length again, and Jones catches *mayzone, pear, mare, dees err*. This isn't so

good; apparently she has to be in at ten P.M. Still, she's a cute little trick, and, after all, a man has to go slow with the best ones. He believes, however, in knowing where he stands. He's found it saves a lot of time if you get right down to essentials from the first. So he asks: *Cooshay aveck mwaw sir swaw?* Mlle. explains at length that she *does* have to be home at ten *this* evening; then she smiles. Pvt. Jones catches the emphasis on *sir swaw*, and the smile tells him the rest, so he takes a final look at her charms and graciously accepts a seat beside her. The war isn't over yet, thank God.

The following conversation then takes place (the maiden's perfect French need not be reproduced):

He: *Tray joelee*, as he points at her various charms.

She: "You flatterer! But you speak French wonderfully. You must have been here a long time."

He: *No. Mwaw Captain be-ann* and says: *Mwaw France sank mwaws*, and then asks *Name?*

She: "Susanne — and yours?"

He: Plays safe and says: *Jer swee Henry Rose*.

She: "Are you a sergeant?"

He: *No. Mwaw Captain be-antow*.

Mlle. applauds in a long sentence, and Jones decides that she swallowed his story. She didn't. The amenities satisfied, Jones asks: *Bwaw?*

She: "Oh, certainly. I'll take a glass of cointreau."

This is a new one on him, but he yells: *Garsun. Portay maw femm kes el ver.* As for him, he'll take *oon coneyack tootsweet*, since he is *bowcoo swaf*.

She: "What did you do in America?"

He: Catches a strange version of "America", and anyway, that's what they all ask, so he says: *Mwaw grand bisiness-paper.* This goes over big, and he asks *Too ay clerk?* And so it goes until she takes him to a cinema, during and after which they continue their conversation. He comes back knowing as much about Susanne as he would about Jennie Smith home in Peoria after his first evening with her.

The third time he sees Susanne, he mentions: *Mwaw permit too dayman. Promenade park, vous ay mwaw. Mange. Bwaw.* But she proposes that, since tomorrow is Sunday, they go to church. He catches *aagles* and is aroused to new heights of oratory. *No! No! Jertame may Jer swee Methodeest.* "What is that?" asks Susanne. Pvt. Jones doesn't quite understand what Methodism is anyhow, and no sensible man can be expected to know French theological terms; besides, Peoria is a long ways off. He says: *Jermon-fresh. Jertame.* They go to church, and the next week he meets Susanne's parents and acquits himself very well. Soon after this she gets permission to stay all night with a girl friend, and Jones squares things

with the sergeant of the guard. He learns ten nouns and two verbs.

III

One month later, Susanne, café friends, and necessity have given Pvt. Jones as complete a vocabulary as he will ever need. After all, there are a limited number of situations a man meets, and he has encountered and conquered most of them. Besides being able to talk with Susanne about all domestic and amorous questions, he has learned how to get more assorted drinks than the average Frenchman ever heard of; he can even get *rum show* and *feen sham-pain*, and has taught the *garsun* how to mix a cocktail made of a pony each of vermouth, cognac, and cherry brandy. This Pvt. Jones calls *ler brave lapann*.

His knowledge of French is greater than even he ever thought it would be, but he still ignores rules and theory, and always remembers that actions speak louder than words. There is no need for bothering with the tense and person of any verb. Nouns are frequently used, and he collects an average of five per day. Pronouns are almost entirely a personal matter, and after the first week *too* is used exclusively. People are surprised sometimes by his familiarity, but it generally brings good results, and who the hell are the French anyway? Adjectives and adverbs have been easy; he uses

bowcoo for all intensives and *tray* now and then. *Joellee* is what a man needs most, however. Questions are made by putting a question mark in your voice after a statement: *Vee-ann aveck mwaw?* Why bother with a lot of words in strange positions when inflection does the trick?

Pvt. Jones' speaking of French is generally a matter of getting food and drink and talking to a *madermerzell*, but sometimes it includes the patriotic duty of putting the French in their place. He approves of the *femms* and tolerates the *polloos*, but *garsuns*, storekeepers, and other hirelings are likely to forget who he is. So he simply picks up nouns and adjectives and hurls them. Even today Felix Machault, simple-minded vendor of *toback*, shudders when he thinks of the day he offended Pvt. Jones by telling him that French tobacco was better than the American variety. Jones started on the minor note of: *Monderr! Too blog? May too mont! Kes cur too pants?* M. Machault persisted in his heresy and got a broadside. *Espesh der singel! Too ay oon turbott, oon she-ann, ay oon loop, ay osee ler der-reair doon caubow!* M. Machault concedes everything, and Pvt. Jones departs well-satisfied. Another Frog has bit the dust.

Most of his impersonal encounters, however, are sternly practical affairs in which he displays the bargaining ability for which his country is justly famous. *Combee-ann* is the first busi-

ness word learned, for his latent idealism makes him want to know the price of things, even if he does not pay it. But he soon develops into the despair of Dijon merchants. His evolution as a man of affairs can be seen in the following short scenes:

Scene I. Time: August, 1917. Three days after arriving in Dijon, Pvt. Jones enters a store to buy oranges. He points and asks: *Combee-ann?* M. Larue says fifteen francs, and gives a fine sales talk, although this stupid one will not appreciate it. Jones puts down what looks to him like enough francs and is delighted to get five back, although even at this early date he feels called upon to say sternly *Monderr!*

Scene II. Time: Late August, 1917. Same store. Pvt. Jones again wants oranges and asks *Combee-ann sah?* Ten francs, says the storekeeper. *Trow share!* says Jones. A lot of talk to which Jones answers: *Zut! A ler gair maw vee-err!* He gets the oranges for five francs.

Scene III. December, 1917. Another store. Pvt. Jones enters: *Jer ver oon khaki shemeex.* A shirt and a lot of praise of it are presented. *Combee-ann?* One hundred and twenty-five francs. *Monderr! Kes cur too pants cur jer swee? Reesh? Say trow share.* The storekeeper protests that he loves all Americans and that Pvt. Jones is so genteel a specimen that he, the storekeeper, is practically giving the shirt away. Jones is having none. *Zut alores! Kes cur too pants?*

Jer swee esee France trow lowann poor sah. Say trow share jer dee. One hundred francs is maintained, and after half an hour Jones becomes angry and really fluent. *May mante-now Jer swee fashay. Too ay few; too ay osee oon mawdeet scorpion; oon mackurew; oon paysan; oon mallard she-ann; ay oon volewer. Too ay osee oon sall Bosh. Monderr! Nomdoonpeep! Kescurtoopantscursjerswee?* Now it is the storekeeper's turn to ask *combien?* Pvt. Jones condescends to take the shirt at seventy-five francs. Such ability to do business was a lot better than fussing about how to count or make change correctly. It brought results.

And so the A.E.F. solved the problem of how to speak French. Pvt. Jones left France with a fine working knowledge of a supposedly difficult language. He learned French and throve and went careening from one part of France to the other, and the only time he admitted that he couldn't speak the language was

when someone asked for a ticket. He carried on long conversations, made love, never got lost, and always managed to get plenty to eat and to drink. He was strewn from Switzerland to Spain, and not a day passed but he and his fellows were in places where they shouldn't have been — all getting along nicely because they could speak French. They went about the task of subduing a proud race and learning a complicated language with a rugged strength, a directness and abhorrence of wasted effort that should be immortalized. In this land of apology, hesitancy, projects, graphs, pedagogues, and pedagogues of pedagogues, planned living, socialized living, and plain bossed living, there ought to be recognition, tardy of course but still needed, of this great victory of practicality over theory. Somewhere there should be on display a bronze plaque showing a buck private seated at a café table. Taking his order is a pretty French girl. Underneath are the words: *Coneyack tootsweet!*



NEW ENGLAND GOES SPENDTHRIFT

BY DANE YORKE

IN THE years 1925-26, the textile centers of New England were hard hit. The great cotton mills were running feebly; many were closing down for good. There were liquidations, scandals, petitions in bankruptcy by angry stockholders; there was gloom, bewilderment, and a well-founded fear that New England was on the skids. More significant even than the closings were the removals—the bodily removals—of New England mills and New England capital to competitive sections.

Everywhere there was unemployment, wage cuts, strikes, and lock-outs; in such cities as Fall River and New Bedford there were bread lines, and economic prostration more severe than anything previously known. Smaller towns were hit just as hard. To take one as an example, a town of 25,000 population, there were more business failures in 1926 than in any other year before (or since!); and the demands of the town's poor jumped the expenditures for Relief from \$22,000 in 1923 to \$34,000 in 1925 and to \$46,000 in 1926—both latter figures being the highest expenditures known in a town existence of three centuries.

But the worried inhabitants (and all New England) had seen nothing yet. The great philosophy of the More Abundant Life—by More Abundant Spending—was still to come. In that same town in 1935, there was spent for relief in just eleven months a total of \$162,209 of town money, along with \$100,000 more of federal funds. More than \$250,000 spent in eleven months—against \$46,000 in the twelve months of 1926. And this despite the fact that employment was better, payrolls were better, business conditions were better; that there were more automobiles owned and operated, more gasoline sold, and bank savings were more than \$500,000 above the level of 1926. Yet relief expenditures were up 500 per cent.

To use an old Yankee locution, “it just don’t make for sense”.

Now the textile towns of New England are old hands at depression. Like the cotton growing of the South, the cotton manufacturing trade of the North has been on a “feast or famine” basis ever since its beginning on a real scale at Waltham in 1816. So that for almost four generations the people of New England

dependent on textiles have been accustomed to storing up fat (in the form of bank savings) in prosperous years, and to living off that fat in the lean years. The habit of saving for a rainy day was ingrained — because rainy days (and years) were frequent and accepted as inevitable. And the per capita bank savings of New England have led, by a goodly margin, those of all other sections of the Union.

Thus these communities have been significantly — in the past — self-contained and self-helping. In fact, when in the Fall of 1933 the zealous Harry Hopkins began his great splurging, many New England towns looked distrustfully at this new Santa Claus and the proffered hand-outs from Washington. One small place of about 2000 population went so far as to serve notice that it wanted no government money: it didn't need any. The folks were getting along nicely, thank you; there were only five actual paupers in the town, all of them aged and unemployable, and the rest of the people were quite used to tightening their belts and getting through the Winter somehow. Hard times were no novelty.

But to the great surprise of the worthy selectmen, such ancient virtue was no longer cheered. They were told they were fools, and the telling was profane and ungente.irate politicians swarmed down from the State Capitol to pound into the selectmen the amazing new thought

that spending money now was a patriotic duty. There was money coming and it must be used; if New England didn't take her share, the South and West would grab it. And every little movement (of federal funds) had a meaning all its own — to Washington. Nobody should starve.

"But nobody ever did starve in this town," said the bewildered selectmen. Whereupon they were told it did not matter. Washington knew best; Washington would never understand a refusal; the great hearts and minds of Washington wanted money spent. It had to be done.

So the selectmen backed down under pressure and a typical New Deal program of spending was begun. One gang of men was sent out to climb trees in the snowy woods and destroy the cocoons of the evil gypsy moth. They came back proudly the first day with five bushels of winter tree-buds (gathered because they thought those buds were cocoons!) and the foreman later acknowledged that he and his gang worked five days on that job before any man knew (so well had the work been planned) what a gypsy moth cocoon really looked like. A second gang patriotically suffered frostbite digging mosquito-control ditches in ground frozen three and four feet deep by the bitter cold of a New England winter. And the following summer the mosquitoes were worse than they had been in years.

"So this is Planned Economy,

hey?" said the town wits, slapping their necks. "Haw, haw."

It certainly didn't make for sense.

In another town, a much larger town, the officials tried to find indoor work for the winter. A mixed gang of men and women was set to cleaning the Town Hall: they scrubbed it, walls and woodwork, leisurely, from top to bottom and with the pleasing result that they simply made work for another gang, because the whole interior had then to be repainted—to cover the streakiness left by the slovenly washing. Thus a task that should have cost perhaps \$1000 was made to consume around \$3500. It outraged every principle of New England thrift, of Yankee pride in honest labor—largely because it was not honest work. As everybody knew, it was work done as subterfuge, to disguise a dole; it was merely a job to be stretched out to use up money, government money. The only pride afforded was the sorry proof that a Yankee could—when he had to—boondoggle with the best.

The tales could be multiplied, and from many small-town sources. In one little section a Writers Project was developed, though there was not a single unemployed person there who by any stretch of the imagination could be called a writer. But the project was staffed, nevertheless, and carried through; it was headed first by a former grocery clerk, and then by a retired policeman. The historical "discoveries" made by that project

were very funny to a serious historical worker. But Washington, apparently, was satisfied.

And there we touch on something vital—the way Washington, more than ever before in our history, has been calling the dance steps for the country. It is amazing how Washington antics have been aped, even by small-town fry. Let a historian examine the town records of America for the year following the success of Franklin Roosevelt in getting from his honeymoon Congress the supreme powers that he guaranteed would cure all ills. He will find, that historian, that in town after town the example of Washington bore fruit in an urgent plea by the mayor for the granting by town council of unusual and drastic power. The country was apparently full of ambitious and cocky municipal saviors—from LaGuardia of New York to the Mayor of Podunk on the Piscataqua. And the town records will show, sadly, that what the would-be little dictators wanted, what the spectacle of Washington under the New Deal really meant to them—was chiefly the power to spend more money. To spend it, like Washington, without accounting, without brakes.

II

In frugal New England there thus began a true revolution. With two small Yankee towns as indication,

both of them heavy sufferers in the great textile depression following 1925, it is illuminating to trace the record of town debt. In one the debt reached its all-time peak in 1924 and then declined steadily each year until its low point was reached in 1933. With the other the high point came in 1926 and then was reduced year by year until the low also came in 1933. In other words, in both these communities, under different and successive local administrations, there was from 1925 to 1933 a common honest purpose to get out of debt and lessen the tax-eating drain of interest payments. And in spite of a heavy Relief load, due to textile depression (and with no help from Washington), that purpose was carried out.

But with the advent of the New Deal the picture changes. In both these towns there has been, since 1933, a new and steady increase in town debt until each now approximates the pre-New Deal all-time high of 1924-1926. In one town the debt increased seventy-five per cent in 1934 and 1935; in the other town it grew by half. Today both towns are again crowding their legal debt limits in spite of all the money that has come from Washington. Despite, too, the further interesting fact that employment, payrolls, and bank savings are (and have been) uniformly better in both towns than they were in the pre-1933 period.

Perhaps that last point needs more emphasis. According to figures given

out by the Chamber of Commerce, the larger town (of about 25,000 population) had, in March of 1933 when the New Deal began, a total employment of only 5143 and a weekly payroll of \$91,365. Bank savings had declined (though they still stood above the national per capita average): the people were using their money for the purpose they had saved it—to live on in lean years. The ideal was still one of self-help.

But by March, 1934, employment had risen more than eighty per cent, to 9295, and the weekly payroll stood at the highest figure in town history — \$216,660 — while one savings bank alone gained more than \$100,000 in deposits in less than six months. Nor was the gain lost. Today the payroll is still relatively high, standing at \$165,000 a week, and savings bank deposits are at a new peak — \$750,000 higher. And still the odd spectacle is presented of larger payrolls and savings being accompanied by increase in town debt and by much greater spending. In 1932, the town spent \$83,000 for Relief; in 1933 it spent \$95,000; in 1934 (with that \$216,660 weekly payroll) it spent over \$100,000, and \$162,000 in 1935. And for the first six months of the fiscal year of 1936, there has been spent, in town money, a total of \$92,007.28 for Relief — or a present annual rate of \$180,000.

Compare those figures with the \$46,000 spent in the bitter year of 1926, and the \$83,000 spent in 1932

—when there was no federal help. And then add in another \$225,000 spent for Relief by the national government in that same town in the three years from May, 1933, to May, 1936. Town spending and government spending combine to make a truly crazy exhibit. And what is the answer? Simply that this town, and many others of its class, has been busily aping Washington. Aping the leadership, in spending, in debt increase, of Washington—the Washington that seems to believe that the way out is to dig in deeper.

III

Much has been written of the demoralizing effect of the ERA, the CWA, the WPA, *et al.*, upon the individual. The lessening of self-reliance, of initiative; the encouragement of the spendthrift; the security given the shiftless. But what needs to be stressed now is another fact — that a similar demoralization has been going on in our town governments. And there is reason to believe that it began in the Fall of 1933 with that curious summons from Hopkins for the towns to send representatives to Washington to confer on Relief. That breaking over of state lines, that hasty move toward centralization, has had far-reaching results. It was discovered then that it was easier to get money in Washington than in the home state. Nor were the mayors and selectmen of New England alone

in that discovery; it has reached all sorts of communal organizations. As witness this recent headline (unconsciously funny, and ironic) from a Pacific Coast paper: SELF-HELP GROUPS TO ASK FEDERAL AID.

It cannot be denied that this running to Washington, this playing of Washington against the state, the state against Washington, has bred demoralization — has caused confusion, duplication, deception, waste. It may be objected that the Yankee instances cited prove very little; that they are only small potatoes. And it is true that the potential wastage thus revealed is very small beside the billions and billions spent by the gifted New Deal planners since 1933. And yet, small as they are, these Yankee figures take on significance when it is remembered that the small towns described in this article stand as part of a population group comprising one-half the total urban population of the United States. Moreover, they are found in New England, long acknowledged the most self-helping, the most hard-headed, the least spendthrift section of the country. From that point of view they are startling in their revelation of change in ideals and practice, change that has spread to our smallest centers — even in rock-ribbed, reliant New England. In other words, the new conditions of debt and spending found in these Yankee towns are straws — very significant straws — to show the true course of

the wind of mighty spending that has been blowing since 1933.

And here's another straw. A certain New England town had a small road-bridge washed out by the floods of last March. It was on a minor artery; it was not much more than a culvert; its span was about twenty-five feet. Under old conditions there would have been a display of Yankee ingenuity and some sort of replacement or patching up within a few weeks. But ingenuity, in self-help, is now in the discard; that hole in the road lay open from March until the end of May while the town officials wangled for help from Washington. There was not even a plank flung across as footbridge, nor a warning barrier—one car crashed in the chasm. It was a plain case of lying supinely back, of waiting to be helped. And it was successful. With federal aid the town got a fine new concrete bridge to plug that small hole. More interesting still, of the

total cost of \$11,000, the town had to put up only \$1500, or less than fourteen per cent. And the town officials, via the town newspapers, proudly explained how they had gotten such a good bargain. The usual cost borne by towns on a new bridge was forty-five per cent, but in this case (I quote the newspaper announcement) the smaller proportion (fourteen per cent) "was determined by the tax rate and amount of town debt". To put it more baldly, because the town had been wastefully increasing its debt since 1933, because it had stepped up its tax rate, it was able to get more federal money.

Certainly such a success (it is far from exceptional) puts a heavy penalty on town initiative; it stacks the cards against town thrift; it offers no incentive to sound town management; it does not encourage any effort whatever in communal self-help.

It just don't make for sense.



THE CONSUMER SEES RED

BY FLETCHER PRATT

SOME years ago, Dr. Stuart Chase, whose cleverness with a typewriter enables him to live a life of capitalistic ease amidst the ruins of a decaying civilization, collaborated in the writing of a book¹ which attempted to demonstrate that capitalism is damned, if not doomed, because it cheats its customers. The work enjoyed considerable popularity and led to the formation of a body called Consumers' Research, the announced purpose of which was to tell the citizen how to get his money's worth. The new association was to be co-operative and non-profit-making; its reports were to be based on independent research; and the whole business was to be absolutely impartial.

These were fair promises, and when the first reports sharply mentioned trade names never mentioned before, it was hard to avoid the conclusion that the promises were being kept. CR's subscription list flourished like the green bay tree, and a not inconsiderable number of imitators sprang up. But a certain note of vituperation was seldom missing

from the CR reports, and when the results of many were summed up in a book,² that note was shriller, while the imitators of the original body revealed a curious affection for the extreme Left-wing in politics.

The explanation of this attitude finally came during the hearings on the Tugwell food and drug bill in Washington when the general counsel of a proprietary medicine firm whose product had been violently attacked, encountered an official of one of the organizations in the Senate lobby.

"What are you fellows going after us so hard for?" asked the perplexed agent of capitalist economy. "I happen to know you yourself use our product in your own home."

"Oh, of course," was the reply. "The product's all right. It's the profit motive we're after."

The profit motive. In other words, the complaint is not against the quality of goods offered by American business, but against the fact that it is private business and not government monopoly. The resulting inference is that scientific research can

¹ *Your Money's Worth*, by Stuart Chase and Fred J. Schlink. Macmillan; New York.

² *100,000,000 Guinea Pigs*, by Arthur Kallet and Fred J. Schlink. Vanguard Press; New York.

serve a very useful purpose by demonstrating to the citizen that private business cheats and poisons him.

The more extreme radical elements at CR were sloughed off in the Spring of 1936 to form the second of the large research associations, Consumers' Union, after a strike by a number of Comrades who were dissatisfied with their shares in the profits of the non-profit organization. In the very beginning, the head research men, Messrs. Fred J. Schlink (Mr. Chase's literary collaborator) and Arthur Kallet, seem to have started business with the intention of telling the consumer-subscriber where he could get the most for his money. Both were engineers with excellent records as research men: but both seem also to have been sociopolitical crusaders.

The more direct use of research to promote radical doctrine can probably be traced to Mr. Kallet, who has since joined the new Consumers' Union. At all events, the Union, since splitting off, has taken a sharp swing Leftward. Its reports carry notations as to whether the products are manufactured under "fair" labor conditions, and a smiling young lady with a permanent wave and a foreign accent in the New York offices of CU assures the visitor that the organization "means to take a deeper interest in labor problems in the future". Moreover, there is a very striking difference between *100,000,000 Guinea Pigs*, the collaborative work of

Messrs. Schlink and Kallet, and the latest volume,¹ which is undiluted Kallet, a form of diluted Marx. The earlier volume dealt with research alone, without stating any political doctrines. But the following quotations from *Counterfeit* indicate a sharp reversal of form.

It will do no good to make milk a public utility, as many have suggested. There will be counterfeiting in the milk industry until milk and profits are separated. [The "counterfeiting" consists of the price-spread between Grades A and B.]

Goods counterfeiting cannot be ended so long as industry is privately owned and profits are the motivating force behind production.

National Consumers' League, an older organization than CU, has permitted itself to become entangled with labor activities much more openly. Originally, the League began as a quality reporting organization, but it soon branched off into the more fertile task of compiling reports on labor conditions in industries. It still makes some effort to pass on to the consumer reports on the quality of goods, but in the main it confines itself to labor reports which are made, of course, only when there is a controversy between employer and employee. Needless to say, the reports invariably favor the proletariat.

Finally, there is the outright radical publication, *Health & Hygiene*, the most obvious of all in its methods.

¹ *Counterfeit*, by Arthur Kallet. Vanguard Press; New York.

It is frankly out to expose the medical errors of capitalism, and sandwiches in with its quality reports such articles as "Workers' Health *vs.* Steel Dividends", "Good Housekeeping's Phony Seal", and "Heart Disease; a Class Burden". At times it touches a sublime level, as vouched for by the following excerpt from a recent issue:

Question: My wife fails to experience orgasm. Is this dangerous?

Answer: Under capitalism the sex life of woman is abnormal.

II

The preoccupation of the rival consumer cultists with the profit economy becomes more understandable when we glance at their respective backgrounds, and thereby uncover an astonishingly unanimous Leftism in the political affiliations of Mr. Kallet's and Mr. Schlink's fellow crusaders. Those who are not, themselves, direct affiliates of radical groups, exhibit a significant partiality for Leftist company.

CR itself has now been placed on the *index expurgatorius* of the radical movement, and a study of its personnel would disclose only a group of ex-rebels whose Leftism is fast fading. The best known of the group still clinging to the original organization is J. B. Matthews. Until Messrs. Kallet and Frank L. Palmer staged their CR Revolution, Mr. Matthews was the leader of the Militants in the Socialist Party, an advocate of the

United Front between Socialists and Communists, a national committeeman of the Friends of the Soviet Union, and an annual visitor to the Muscovite paradise. Also he was the first national chairman of the American League Against War and Fascism. But Comrade Matthews' name is now anathematized in revolutionary environs, and Mr. Schlink is throatily denounced as a counter-revolutionist.

The glorious traditions of the more revolutionary period of CR are carried on today by Mr. Kallet in Consumers' Union. A better understanding of Mr. Kallet's objectives may be gained by a glance at the sociological interests of the names he flaunts upon his letter-head. Let us consider them briefly.

Colston E. Warne, professor at Amherst. His willing name decorates the mastheads of a number of the most militant of Leftist movements. He is on the national executive committee of the Communist-controlled American League Against War and Fascism. He is the chairman of the Western Massachusetts Committee of Roger Baldwin's Left-wing American Civil Liberties Union. In 1933, he was an official conductor of tours in Soviet Russia for "The Open Road".

Heywood Broun, well-known patron of a score of Leftist causes. Mr. Broun, a former member and congressional candidate of the Socialist Party, resigned from that organiza-

tion a few years ago when he decided that its pace was not swift enough for his heightened revolutionary fervor. Heywood will endorse anything which bears the hallmark of Kremlin approval.

Osmond K. Fraenkel, member of the board of directors of the Civil Liberties Union. He is rated as the most expert practitioner in America of the art of prying Communist law-breakers out of jail.

Julius Hochman, vice-president of the International Ladies Garment Workers and long-time member of the Socialist Party.

A. J. Isserman, New Jersey lawyer for the Civil Liberties Union.

Vito Marcantonio, who has been characterized as the "first Communist member of Congress". He was arrested a few months ago by the New York police while heading a Communist riot.

Frank L. Palmer, Left-wing journalist. An officer of the Civil Liberties Union, the League Against War and Fascism, and a favorite speaker at Communist-staged demonstrations.

A. Philip Randolph, Socialist Party leader.

Rose Schneidermann, president of the National Woman's Trade Union League, former member of the national committee of the Civil Liberties Union, and active anti-war worker in the Peoples' Council during the World War.

The clientele of CU is perhaps

best identified by the fact that its favorite advertising media are the *Daily Worker* and the *New Masses*. The affinity between Mr. Kallet and Mr. Palmer, a member of whose family is the Technical Supervisor of the Union, is shown by the fact that they are also associated together as co-editors of the *Peoples' Press*, an extreme Leftist weekly which specializes in anti-capitalist exposés. The third editor of the weekly is James Waterman Wise, propagandist of the Friends of the Soviet Union.

The Consumers' League is less overt in its alliance with the Leftist movements than the Union. It has enjoyed immunity by presenting a formidable array of respectable fronts. Its present national head is former Governor John G. Winant of New Hampshire, and among its vice-presidents has long appeared the name of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. Its actual character, however, is indicated by the fact that its founder and executive secretary until her death was Mrs. Florence Kelley, American translator of the writings of Friedrich Engels, one of the founders of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, and a lifelong supporter of subversive causes. The most revealing fact about the social attitude of the League is that it received subsidies from the Communist-directed Garland Fund.

It is difficult to believe that there could be such a startling parallel between the names of the leaders of these consumer movements and the

names of the leaders of the American Left without a tacit inter-connection. Such coincidences do not just happen. The natural assumption must be that the consumer cause is merely another of the long list of Red rackets which are being exploited by the alert Comrades for the purpose of undermining the capitalist system.

III

It is always a little difficult to appraise the influence of one particular person upon a corporate undertaking, but subsequent events suggest that, at CR, Mr. Schlink's ax is a pronounced bias in favor of his grandmother, just as Mr. Kallet's is radicalism. From the first reports issued, Mr. Schlink's preference for the good old ways was obvious. Lipstick, rouge, face lotions, drugs to make women fat, lean, blonde, brunette, slim-ankled or bright-eyed, have been almost unfailingly condemned, and there has even been a book¹ consigning the whole business of artificial beauty to the bottomless pit. The author, M. C. Phillips, is Mrs. Schlink. Bakers' bread and cake should be eschewed, together with confectioners' candies; properly baked goods, like mother used to make, can be produced only in the home oven. Modern apples and peaches are dangerous because the

growing fruit is sprayed with arsenic insecticide, and cabbages are similarly doused in lead. That is to say, it would be preferable to buy these products direct from clean farmers, dig out the worms whose presence proclaims no poison, and eat the remainder.

Now this is rank faddism, and when you tell Mr. Schlink that the American Medical Association has failed to find any recorded case of a death from arsenic poisoning acquired from fruit, he makes the faddist's incontrovertible answer that the poison is slow in its effects, weakening bodily resistance so that it is possible that our lives are ultimately shortened. It is also possible that our lives are being shortened by exposure to cosmic radiation, for which the remedy would be to live at the bottom of a coal-mine and sleep under lead bed-blankets.

Whether any research performed thus to support a preconceived thesis is sound research—whether the thesis pays homage to the good old days or to Karl Marx—is highly dubious. It does seem, however, that the analytical work of all the co-operative associations is competently performed, even the private companies most violently attacked seldom disputing the figures and analyses. But the research associations fall short of perfection in two ways at this juncture—they seek to place themselves beyond the reach of criticism by not stating the sources of

¹ *Skin Deep: the Truth About Beauty Aids*, by M. C. Phillips. Vanguard Press; New York.

their information (merely listing products as "not approved" or "not recommended"); and when they do name a source, it frequently turns out that they have used research results not obtained by their own competent technicians, but by some other, and often incompetent, worker. In one case of a popular cold remedy which was vehemently attacked, the manufacturer traced the source of an unfavorable report to an analysis made eleven years before by a candidate for a doctorate at a freshwater college, since which time the formula for the product had been changed.

The famous case of Listerine is another in point. No product has received more complete condemnation from the various consumers' co-operatives. The Lambert Pharmacal Company did a little research of its own into the source of the information and found the philippics were based on two sources: a report of a phenol coefficient test made by the American Medical Association, and the independent laboratory work of a young New York doctor.

Now the phenol coefficient test is one employed to determine the safe concentration for the use of disinfectants; that Listerine failed to make the grade, while carbolic acid succeeded, simply means that carbolic acid is a disinfectant and Listerine is not, which everybody knew in the first place. The young doctor's method of testing has been pronounced valueless by a group of Yale

bacteriologists, who should surely know their business. Yet this discredited method was used in making tests upon which an unfavorable report was based. There is here a fine Jesuitical distinction with regard to falsifying the results of research: the co-operative associations are above making reports on faked data, but some of them are quite willing to conduct tests by a method which they know in advance will yield the particular data they wish.

In other words, it is not so much in statement as in method of statement that the evidence against private business is rigged — a fact which helps explain why there have been no libel suits against the co-operatives. If the consumer is capable of analyzing the information presented to him by the associations, and of making allowance for the general inexactness of medical science or for controversial matters stated as absolute truths, he will find the reports accurate. In fact, the whole matter might be passed off as a rather peculiar method of expressing research results for the popular mind, were it not that the co-operatives show special animus by the employment of two other methods. One of these is using a general statement as though it had specific application. Consider the report of *Health & Hygiene* on Sal-Hepatica:

But there is a more serious indictment against Sal-Hepatica. It claims to be a gentle laxative. Every physician, how-

ever, knows that cathartic salts do not produce a uniform effect. In some people a small dose may have no effect at all. In others, the same dose may have a drastic, violent effect. What is one man's gentle laxative is another man's drastic cathartic.

There is not one phrase in this indictment with which any doctor will disagree, yet the whole conveys a false impression. The statement could be repeated, with the substitution of the name of any other laxative, proprietary or not, and still be true. Its meaning is simply that human organisms differ in their reactions to medicines. As a matter of fact, Sal-Hepatica, before it entered the proprietary field, was for years a favorite prescription with medical men because its action on different individuals varied so little.

The second special technique is the erection of a skyscraping tower of inference upon a substructure of fact. The most striking example of this is that prime favorite with the research co-operatives, the case of the German army officer who committed suicide by dining upon a tube of Pebeco tooth-paste. Therefore, the argument runs, oust Pebeco from your home; it contains a poisonous substance — potassium chlorate — which the baby may get hold of. It is true that the quantity of KClO_4 contained in a tube of Pebeco will kill a man; but a tablespoonful of salt would do the job just as quickly, and so would a swig or two of household ammonia, both articles that

baby could obtain quite as easily as the dentrifice.

Such manipulations of facts — plus the other data we have examined — would seem to indicate that there is more to the co-operative research business than meets the casual eye. Indeed, an impartial investigator finds himself wondering whether propaganda is not sometimes more important than analytical reports. Several of the major organizations share the common characteristic — “It's the profit motive we're after.” Not necessarily the quality of the product advertised by the capitalist system, but the fact that it is advertised — that some individual is making enough money to ride around in a streamlined Buick while the Comrades live on beans and Marxian speculation.

Where the profit motive is not directly involved, where the articles discussed are not proprietary or nationally advertised, the research associations do impartial and often brilliant work. Articles they recommend are seldom open to criticism. And where purely mechanical products are concerned, even the profit motive is sometimes forgotten — notably in the case of the famous CR report on how to buy a used car, so widely reprinted. Their condemnations also are often sufficiently justified to make the purchaser careful — though the most justifiable criticisms are usually digested from the reports of some such capitalist self-regulatory

body as the Proprietary Association or the Federal Trade Commission.

But even the virtues of most of the research associations are largely cheese for the mouse-trap. Where there is the slightest possibility, by means of research results selected because they render an unfavorable

picture of American business, by means of untenable inferences from honest data, by means of specific condemnation from a general basis, the reports of the Left-wingers require a considerably more careful reading between the lines than the advertisements they assail.



THE GOSSIP

BY SARA HENDERSON HAY

THE lady is, I fear, perversely gifted
 In the embroidering of fact.
 No simple pattern but is changed and shifted,
 No strict design remains intact.
 Smoothly, adeptly, bit by bit,
 With what she justifies as wit
 She weaves some vivid malice into it.

Ah, yes, indeed, the lady's innocent,
 She never had the least intention
 Of stitching dextrous lies; she only meant
 To prove, by intervention,
 How colorful the web could grow. Her wrist,
 Supple with practice, can't resist
 Giving the honest threads of truth a twist.

*She turns the glittering shears of her endeavor
 On friend and foe alike, and plies them prettily.
 She'd sell her soul, if she could do it wittily,
 Or rather someone's else. The lady's clever.
 Her mind slides snake-like through the stubble
 Of every day; she hisses trouble.
 Her tongue is forked. Or maybe merely double.*

TILL DEATH US DO PART

A Story

BY BENEDICT THIELEN

WHEN she arrived, he was waiting for her in the lobby, sitting a little forward and sideways in his chair, the way he always sat. As she came towards him she smiled and raised her hand in that short, almost masculine gesture of greeting that she had.

He got up and she saw him glance at the clock over the desk. They were both proud of being^{*}punctual, and formerly, when they had met, the first thing they always did was to look at their watches and see just how many minutes early or late they were. Almost always they arrived at the place where they were to meet within a few minutes of each other. He used to say that one of the wonderful things about her was that, although she was a woman, she was hardly ever late.

They shook hands and then stood for a moment, looking at each other and smiling.

"Well," he said, "shall we have a cocktail before lunch?"

"Yes," she said. "I feel like a cocktail."

They went into the bar and sat down at a table against the wall. A waiter came up for their order.

"Two dry Martinis. . . . Or wait a minute." He turned to the woman. "Is that all right?"

"Yes, that's fine," she said.

He nodded to the waiter.

"I never thought to ask you," he said to her, with a laugh.

"Oh, I still stick to Martinis," she said.

He offered her a cigarette and struck a match for it. Then he said:

"Well, how are they? All right?"

"Yes, they're both fine. Of course they both wanted to come with me today and were in tears when they couldn't."

He laughed and said: "Well, I want to see them soon."

The waiter came up with the drinks.

They both picked up their glasses at the same time and looked at each other.

"Well, here's how," said the man.

"Here's how."

They each took a sip and put their glasses down on the table.

"Ah," he said. "That's good."

"Yes," she said. "That's the first Martini I've had in a long time."

He looked surprised.

"Is it? Why?"

"Bill has gotten a run on Old-Fashioneds."

"Oh. . . . Well, they're good, too."

"Yes, but I like Martinis better."

"You ought to have your own bottle of gin and vermouth and make your own."

"Oh, well. . . ." She looked down into her glass, then glanced up at him curiously. "But incidentally, how do you happen to be taking a cocktail at noon? You used to be iron-willed about not having anything before sundown."

"Oh . . . yes. Well, this is sort of a special occasion. And also, incidentally, you never used to take anything at noon, either. Remember? We always stuck to beer."

"Old age, I guess, George. I feel the need of a little spot now and then more than I used to."

"Yes," he said. "So do I."

They both took another drink and looked around at the people at the other tables, but without seeing them.

"By the way," said the man, "how is Bill?"

"He's all right. He's fine."

"That's good."

"Yes, he's fine. He's been playing a lot of golf lately."

"Oh, that so?"

They both finished their drinks.

"Will you have another?" he asked her.

"No, I don't think so. You have

one, though, if you want."

"Well. . . . No, I guess one's enough. I'll have some beer with lunch." He looked around the room. "Shall we have lunch here or in the restaurant?"

"Why, let's have it here, shall we? The restaurant's always so overheated, anyway."

"Yes, it's nice and cool here." He laughed. "Remember how we always used to have to move away from the radiators in there?"

She smiled and nodded her head.

"Anyway," he said, "the lunch is too big."

"Much too big. Goodness, to think of the meals we used to eat here. I don't see how we ever stood it. Twice a day, sometimes, too."

"Yes."

They looked at each other for a few seconds, then he turned and motioned to the waiter.

They studied the bill of fare.

"I think I'll just have an omelet and some salad," she said.

"Don't you want anything first?" he said. "The *hors d'oeuvres* are good here. So is the green turtle with sherry."

"No, I really don't want much. You have something, though."

"The trouble with the omelets is they're never soft inside. There are only about two places I know where they can make them really *baveuse*." He looked up at the waiter. "Can you get the chef to make them really soft, *baveuse*?"

"Oh, *oui, oui, monsieur*," said the waiter, with a heavy Italian accent.

"All right. And let's have two glasses of California claret."

The waiter left.

"Is that all right? We said beer, but the red wine'll be better with the omelet, I think."

"Oh, yes." She smiled at him. "I'm glad to see you still take an interest in what you eat, George."

He laughed and said: "As a matter of fact, I don't, as a rule. I just bolt and don't pay any attention to what I'm eating."

"Oh, you shouldn't do that."

"Well, you know how it is: when you eat alone all the time. Of course, formerly . . ."

They both looked down at the table and then up at each other.

"Yes," she said. "I know. Of course . . ."

"I don't know anyone who likes food, anyway, I mean who really notices what he's eating. And you're the only woman I ever knew who was really a gourmet."

"Well, I'm not much of one any more, either. I don't know . . ."

"Doesn't he . . . I mean, doesn't Bill care about what he eats?"

"Oh, goodness, yes, he's very particular, but . . ." She hesitated. "Well, he doesn't especially like the things that we . . . I mean the things I like. You know."

He nodded his head.

"I don't suppose anyone who hasn't spent some time in France has

quite the same feeling about it."

"No. . . . Goodness, remember some of the meals we used to eat at Chez Felix?"

"The *langouste à l'Armoricaine*."

"Sunday nights."

"Yes, just a snack."

They both laughed.

"And remember the time we were so tired from driving and we'd had lunch in Marseille at Basso's and thought we couldn't eat a thing for the next week and that night at . . . what was the name of the place again?"

"Oh, you mean at . . . the place right on the canal that was run by the chef who used to be at Monte Carlo?"

"Yes, what was the name of the place?"

"Now, what the hell?"

They both looked at each other, frowning, trying to think of the name of the town. Finally he said:

"Martigues!"

"Of course: Martigues. And we ended up by eating a *loup* with fennel and then the best *filet mignon* I ever had . . ."

"And then some little vegetable to finish off with . . ."

"And a little white *Tavel*."

"Yes, and a touch of *Côte Rôtie* with the meat."

"Phew!"

They both sat back and laughed, and for a while they said nothing more, thinking about the past, looking straight ahead of them, not see-

ing the people in the restaurant, remembering the food and the wine and the warm air and the tables which faced the still waters of the canal, with the graceful lateen-rigged fishing boats tied up at the wharf on the other side, and the people strolling along the banks of the canal in the quiet evening light, and the church bell which rang every quarter of an hour, and the one farther away which was always a few seconds late in the starting, and the smell of burning fennel coming from the kitchen at their back where the copper pots hung in a shining row and the fire glared red in the chef's face when he lifted a stove-lid, and the approaching dark, and somewhere a cheap phonograph playing *Dites-moi, ma mère*, with Chevalier singing, and the cicadas in the plane trees shrilling in the soft air of the summer night, all this in a foreign land, long ago.

II

The waiter came up with the omelet. They both looked at it.

"It looks fair," she said.

"Yes, only fair."

The waiter cut it in half.

"Well, it could be worse," said George, leaning a little forward to look at it. He took a sip of the red wine.

"How is it?" she asked.

"It could be worse, too . . . and better."

"Oh, well," she said.

"It's not bad, considering," he said.

They ate for a while without talking. Then he lighted a cigarette. She looked at him in surprise.

"Why, you don't mean to tell me you're smoking before you've finished! You used to be so rabid about that."

He looked down at the cigarette and then reached over and snuffed it out in the ash tray. He laughed.

"That's true. I did . . . we both did." He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know . . . I guess I haven't paid much attention to those things lately."

She continued looking at him closely.

"What's the matter?" he said, looking up suddenly.

"Nothing. Only I don't think you look very well, George. You look sort of thin."

"I do? I feel all right."

"I know, but you look sort of thin. You probably don't eat regularly. Do you?"

"Oh, yes, I guess I do. . . . I feel all right."

"You ought to take better care of yourself. If . . ."

The waiter came up and handed them each a bill of fare.

"How about something else?"

She looked at the bill of fare, then put it down on the table.

"I don't think I want anything more."

"No dessert? Or some cheese?"

"I don't think so. You have something, though."

"I guess I'll just have some coffee."

"Yes, I'll have some coffee, too."

For a few moments they said nothing, then he said: "Well, so you say they're both well. That's fine."

"Yes, they're fine. I was wondering if you didn't want to see them some Saturday, George. Or why couldn't you come down for a weekend? Bill said before I left to try to get you to come down."

He hesitated, then said, "Why, yes. Yes, I'll come down some time. Thanks. I'd like to."

"You always say that," she said. "But you haven't been down since . . . I mean, you never do come."

"Well, I've been pretty busy," he said, slowly.

"You look as if you'd been working too hard."

"Oh, no. I'm all right. . . . I suppose things are beginning to come out now, aren't they? On the place."

"Yes. You don't realize that Spring is really well along when you're in the city. Everything's well along, already."

"Well, I'll have to come down some time soon and have a look."

She put her hand on his arm, then took it off as she felt him draw slightly back from her.

"Yes," he said. "We'll have to arrange for that, soon."

"You remember the little tree that Don pulled up from somewhere that

day he was so tight and planted by the steps? Well, it's higher than your head now and doing beautifully."

"I'll be darned!"

They both laughed and looked at each other and then straight ahead of them again at the people at the other tables, seeing the Spring in the country, first the crocuses, while there were still patches of snow in the shadows by the side of the house, and then the wet awakening soil, drinking the first Spring thaw, and then the first blades of the new grass, Irish-green, and the slow dawning of life all over the place, and the young leaves of the trees, and then the blossoms on the apple tree, and now, all around, the bursting blue and red and yellow flowers, and the hot sun-filled skies of Summer, and the two little girls, with pigtails flying, dashing around the corner of the house down the noisy cinder driveway on their bright-painted new bicycles, all this a few years ago, in the country, only a few hours from here by train.

III

The waiter came up with the coffee.

"It all really looks fine," she said. "I wish you'd come down."

"Yes, I will," he said. "I'll do that."

"After all, that's what we agreed on, wasn't it? I mean that it wouldn't make any difference. That we'd all be friends afterward, just as we were

before. It shouldn't make any difference, just because . . ."

"No, that's right," he said. "It shouldn't."

"And it doesn't, does it? Does it, George?"

"What?" He looked up at her.

"Oh, no. Of course it doesn't."

"You know how fond of you Bill is."

"Yes. I like Bill too. You know that, Peg. Bill's a fine fellow."

They both looked straight ahead again. At the other end of the room the barman, thinking he had caught their eyes, smiled and bowed at them. But they didn't see him, looking straight ahead of them through the barman, seeing the Winter evening, and Bill standing before the fire and George walking slowly back and forth, putting his foot with each step on a certain design in the carpet, and Peg looking from one to the other of them with eyes that were still large and bright from the tears, and Bill and George finally shaking hands, and everybody being perfectly cool and decent and acting as if it was the most natural thing in the world, that this should happen, and that there was no reason why they shouldn't go on being the friends they always had been and that they'd see a lot of each other in the future, and George could see the children whenever he wanted and for as long a time as he wanted, and they were all awfully decent and sporting and careful not to let the others see how

they really felt, all this hardly a year ago, down there in the big comfortable room, before a blazing fire, shut in together against the black icy darkness of the winter night.

"I thought . . ." he said after a time. "I thought that perhaps they might come up next Saturday and I could take them to lunch and then maybe a show afterward. Do you think they'd like that? Of course if it's not convenient . . ."

"Why, of course, they'd love it," she said. "And then you could come down with us afterward for the week-end. That would be fine."

"Oh, yes. . . . Well, as a matter of fact, I'm afraid I couldn't do that. I'd love to, of course . . . but I've got an engagement that night, so I couldn't very well."

She reached in her purse and took out another cigarette. He struck a match for her.

"I mean, it's something I couldn't very well get out of," he said.

"Oh . . ."

"But I'll come down soon. I'm . . . I'm anxious to see how everything is."

She looked at her wrist watch and said: "I suppose I ought to be moving along."

"What are you going to do this afternoon?" he asked her.

"Oh, nothing special. I have a few things to get."

He looked at her hesitatingly, then said: "Well, I suppose it's time for me to get back, too."

He motioned to the waiter for the check.

She looked at him curiously.

"What do you do when you're not working? I mean, do you go out much? I know you were never very keen on the social whirl, but . . ."

"Oh, I go out some," he said. "I'll run into somebody at the club and we'll have a few drinks before dinner and then go to a movie afterward or play bridge. . . . I see a good deal of Ernie Parker."

"That drunk!"

He laughed and said: "Oh, Ernie's not bad. He's all right."

"But what do you *do* when you're with him? You must just drink. That's all you possibly could do."

"Oh, Ernie's all right," he said again. "He's a good sort. He knows a lot of crazy places around town — bars and things."

"I'll bet he does." She looked at him with a worried expression on her face. "Don't drink too much, George, please. It's so silly . . . to ruin your health like that."

"Don't worry," he said. "I generally stick to beer."

"Well, I told you you didn't look well," she said.

He touched her hand for a moment with his. They both looked down at their two hands lying together on the table and then each one quickly drew away.

He paid the bill and they got up and went out.

They were going in opposite direc-

tions, so they said good-by in front of the hotel. He stood there for a few moments, watching her as she went down the street. When she had gone half-way down the block she turned her head and, seeing him looking toward her, raised her hand for a moment. He raised his hand, too, and then she disappeared among the moving crowd.

IV

He turned away from the direction in which she had gone and looked out at the street, then turned and went in again to the hotel. He went across the lobby and into the bar. The barman smiled at him.

"Well, Mr. Curtis, I ain't seen you and Mrs. Curtis around in some time," he said.

"Hello, Frank, how are you? No, we haven't been around here much. We . . . we've been away."

"I didn't think you'd been around," said the barman. "I hadn't seen you in some time. I thought you must be away somewhere. What can I get you, Mr. Curtis?"

"What? Oh, let me have a straight rye, Frank, will you?"

The barman pushed the bottle across the bar and said, meditatively: "Yessir, I thought you must of moved away. Why, I remember hardly a night would go past that you and Mrs. Curtis wouldn't come in for a drink before dinner."

"That's right."

"Dry Martinis . . . and no lemon peel, either!"

The barman laughed and shook his head.

"That's right. You've got a good memory, Frank. . . . I'll have another one of these, I think."

The barman pushed the bottle toward him.

"And how are the kiddies?" he said, smiling. "They all right? They certainly were sweet kids."

"Yes, they were . . . they are. Why, they're all right. They're fine."

He drank the drink down quickly, said good-by to the barman, and went out.

Outside, as he got to the corner of the street, the light turned from green to red and he stood there waiting for the traffic to change.

In front of him, cars streamed endlessly past and the avenue was strident with the crescendo whining of their engines, the shrieking of their brakes, and the harsh ripping thrusts of their klaxons through the blue and yellow sun-and-fume-filled air.

But he did not hear the sounds, looking straight ahead of him at the impatient hurried rush of traffic, seeing the still canals at dusk, smelling the fennel burning in the kitchen, above the stove's red fire-glow, seeing the garden slowly filling with the red and blue and yellow blooms, hearing the crunching dash of the bicycle wheels on the cinder driveway, feeling the black icy cold of the Winter night, all this, here on this street, present, now.



FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

BY NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT

THOSE who know him best say that he is politically astute but not politically wise — that he is smart but not deep. He reacts to public opinion with extraordinary sensitiveness, but he never stops to think things through. Although his ability to collect information is excellent, his mental processes are essentially shallow. New labels catch his fancy readily — especially when they glitter with vote-winning possibilities. He has the easy optimism of the sheltered rich; hence he hails the most impractical schemes as plausible. Benevolence is one of his dominant traits; but it is the benevolence of the patrician who feels that he can best help his people because he knows what they should have. He complacently promises anything to anyone, regardless of his inability to make good on most of his promises. Above all he is an opportunist, ready to change his destination and his principles with every new wind.

This chameleon-like quality has made it possible for Franklin Delano Roosevelt to pose as a great Liberal at the same time that he is fostering reactionary activities. Because he does not think things through, he is

unaware that the New Deal is basically paternalistic. No doubt he sincerely believes he is a plumed Progressive. Yet he is, in fact, the unconscious leader of world reaction in America today.

In this the President is running true to form. Few public men have ever had greater sensitiveness to currents of popular thought — and reaction is the order of the day. In Europe it has triumphed everywhere outside of Great Britain, Scandinavia, Holland, and Switzerland, thanks to the advocates of one or other of the many forms of paternalism. Popular government has been thrown out the window. The rights of the individual to freedom of thought and freedom of expression — and often even freedom of initiative — have been crushed. It was inevitable that these currents of reaction should drift across the Atlantic. The responsive Mr. Roosevelt — his extraordinary antennae atingle — sensed the changes in the air. His advisers brought him reactionary proposals dressed in attractive labels of new Liberalism. Because these proposals seemed to have popular appeal, he embraced them, insisting shrewdly

that they were parts of a "New Deal". This was good politics. But because his mind is mercurial rather than profound, he confused novelty of labels with fresh ideas.

Mr. Roosevelt, of course, would deny vigorously that he has placed himself at the head of the forces of reaction, but the record is there to prove it. And some of his enemies believe that the record of the New Deal is a reflection of his own personality. Because he is vindictive when people have turned against him, and because he cannot tolerate men of true ability, they say that he has the instincts of a dictator. He has, it is true, the supreme self-confidence which is essential for the success of a Caesar, a Mussolini, or a Hitler. He also enjoys power for its own sake. But he lacks the ruthlessness, the constancy of purpose and the fanatical determination to achieve a specific end, which seem to be characteristic of the true dictator. Instead, he is eager to make people happy and comfortable. It has even been said of him that his ideal of the More Abundant Life is a butler in every home.

But in his readiness to accept measures that strengthen his powers, Mr. Roosevelt, as in so many other matters, seems unaware of the implications of his acts. He, who may not wish to be a dictator, nevertheless has lent himself to the creation of new machinery of government which, in the hands of a less benev-

olent ruler, might well be used to set up a Fascist State. He has sought to control the nation's industries and agriculture. He has prepared the way for government control of credit. He has made a rubber stamp of Congress and has established government by decree. All these things tend towards paternalism — and away from the American system.

To Mr. Roosevelt, the Constitution is apparently an out-moded document, drafted in the horse-and-buggy days. He believes that the powers of the Supreme Court can constrict too effectively the Presidential initiative. He feels that the Constitution is too rigid and old-fashioned to be workable. This is in sharp contrast with his characterization of the Constitution in 1930 as "the most marvelously elastic compilation of rules of government ever written". And here again the apparent contradiction is traceable to the conflicting elements in Mr. Roosevelt's character. In 1930 he sincerely believed what he said about the Constitution; in fact, he was an ardent advocate of States' Rights and an opponent of strengthening the national government. But by 1935, the Constitution had thwarted him. His reaction was like that of a spoiled child checked by a power which it cannot circumvent. So angry was he when the Supreme Court ruled out the NRA that he, ordinarily good-natured in his public relations, followed the extraordinary procedure of summoning the press

and for an hour and a half indulging in a bitter attack on all that the decision implied as a check on social progress. He spoke in the name of Liberalism, but he failed to see that in this instance it was the Constitution which had protected the cause of Liberalism and that he himself had been the advocate of reaction in the guise of paternalism. He seemed unaware that it was against just such policies as his that the framers of the Constitution had deliberately guarded, and that they had done so because they realized that Liberalism needed special protection from the tendencies of government to augment its own powers.

Mr. Roosevelt and the New Dealers now insist that they never even contemplated any change in the Constitution—let alone any change in the American form of government. This is all very well for campaign purposes. It is even conceivable that Mr. Roosevelt himself—prior to the Supreme Court's invalidation of the NRA—did not realize that any change in government was even implied in the New Deal. Mr. Roosevelt, as already explained, rarely looks below the surface of the waters. But the facts speak plainly.

The whole concept of the New Deal is that a paternalistic federal government shall look after its people. There is no question that so long

as Mr. Roosevelt is President, government will be benevolent as well as paternalistic. Benevolence, as has been already explained, is one of his outstanding traits. But a paternalistic government, however benevolent, is nevertheless reactionary. It is the antithesis of the American system. When, incidentally, a paternalistic government is not benevolent, it becomes the Germany of Hitler or the Russia of Stalin.

We are, thank Heaven, still far removed from this possibility. But if the reactionary forces which Mr. Roosevelt has done so much to strengthen are successful in putting him back into office, true Liberalism will have a desperate fight to survive. Mr. Roosevelt's very affability and warmheartedness will be dangerous because they will help him continue to delude people into regarding him as a Liberal. For some strange reason, Liberals are usually supposed to be kindly, benevolent, charming people, and reactionaries sour, selfish, and sinister. Mr. Roosevelt has all the "front" of the perfect Liberal. This makes him all the more useful to those reactionaries who, in the name of a New Deal and a More Abundant Life, are following in America the course that has destroyed democratic Liberalism in Europe. Mr. Roosevelt has identified himself with the reactionaries. This is why true progressives now oppose him.

BARN SWALLOWS

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

A NEW batch of barn swallows is turned out,
I saw them in the barn high in the air,
The old birds were both circling roundabout,
But did not seem to mind my being there.
Or if they did, had too much work to care.

I should have seen to fixing that loose pane,
The Fall wind blew it out. It let in snow
All Winter long, and then the April rain,
But it was too high up for me to go.
I might have borrowed a longer ladder, though.

Lord! it was good to see the young ones eat!
Five bills came open when the old came nigh,
A pretty fringe of pink as neat as neat,
The old ones put the food in on the fly.
It was done so quick it fooled the eye.

They had no right to be beneath my roof,
Their droppings mess the floor up and the hay,
It takes a tight new building to be proof
Against a swallow when she's set to lay.
Swallows' nests and witchgrass start in May.

You would have smiled, I could not help it, too,
To see them sitting there as calm's could be,
With nothing underneath them but a few
Straws between them and eternity.
I wish that I could say as much for me.

Maybe they have as much a right as we do
To the barn, for all they seem a pest,
There are a lot of things we don't agree to
Which when we get right-side of seem the best.
Wait till you see those mouths along the nest!

ARE NEIGHBORS NECESSARY?

BY DELLA T. LUTES

A good neighbor, as the term was understood in the days when as a little girl I lived on a farm in Southern Michigan, meant all that nowadays is combined in corner store, telephone, daily newspaper, and radio. But your neighbor was also your conscience. You had to behave yourself on account of what the neighbors would think.

A good neighbor knew everything there was to know about you — and liked you anyway. He never let you down — as long as you deserved his good opinion. Even when you failed in that, if you were in trouble he would come to your rescue. If one of the family was taken sick in the night, you ran over to the neighbors' to get some one to sit up until the doctor arrived. Only instead of sending for the doctor, you went for him. Or one of the neighbors did.

The Bouldrys were that kind of neighbors. Lem Bouldry was a good farmer and a good provider. Mis' Bouldry kept a hired girl and Lem had two men the year round. They even had a piano, while the most the other neighbors boasted was an organ or a melodeon. Mis' Bouldry changed her dress every afternoon

(my mother did too; she said she thought more of herself when she did), and they kept the front yard mowed.

But the Covells were just the opposite — the most shiftless family the Lord ever let set foot on land. How they got along my father said he didn't know, unless it was by the grace of God. Covell himself was ten years younger than my father, yet everybody called him "Old Covell". His face and hands were like sole leather and if his hair had ever been washed, it was only when he got caught in a rainstorm. Father said Old Covell would borrow the shirt off your back, then bring it around to have it mended; Mother said, well, one thing certain, he wouldn't bring it around to be washed.

Yet the time Mis' Covell almost died with the last baby — and the baby did die — Mis' Bouldry took care of her; took care of the rest of the children too — four of them. She stayed right there in the Covell house, just going home to catch a little sleep now and then. She had to do that, for there wasn't so much as an extra sheet in the house, much less an

extra bed. And Mis' Bouldry wasn't afraid to use her hands even if she did keep a hired girl — she did all the Covells' washing herself.

But even Old Covell, despite his shiftlessness, was a good neighbor in one way: he was a master hand at laying out the dead. Of course, he wasn't worth a cent to sit up with the sick, for if it was Summer he'd go outside to smoke his pipe and sleep; and if it was Winter he'd go into the kitchen and stick his feet in the oven to warm them and go to sleep there. But a dead man seemed to rouse some kind of pride and responsibility in him. There was no real undertaker nearer than ten miles, and often the roads were impassable. Folks sent for my mother when a child or woman died, but Old Covell handled all the men. Though he never wore a necktie himself, he kept on hand a supply of celluloid collars and little black bow ties for the dead. When he had a body to lay out, he'd call for the deceased's best pants and object strenuously if he found a hole in the socks. Next, he'd polish the boots and put on a white shirt, and fasten one of his black ties to the collar button. All in all, it would be a masterly job.

Of course, nobody paid Old Covell for this. Nobody ever thought of paying for just being neighborly. If anybody had even offered to, they'd have been snubbed for fair. It was just the way everybody did in those half-forgotten times. Yet nowadays

if I want a peony transplanted, I wouldn't think of asking the man next door, even though he's got a flower garden too. I'd hire a man down the street who does odd jobs. I'd pay him fifty cents, and he'd expect it. . . .

II

Don't think, however, that these old-time neighbors never found fault with each other, for they did. But the neighborhood was a close-woven fabric, impervious to the occasional barb of dissatisfaction. For example, when our berries were ripe the Covell young ones would come along with a tin pail and say Ma'd sent them over to ask if they could pick some. Now my father would hardly let even my mother step inside the sacred precincts of his garden, much less a Covell. So, of course, he would pick the berries himself.

"Why in Tunket don't you go and pick wild ones?" he once exploded. "The medder's full of 'em."

"Ma says they're too small," the eldest volunteered readily. "She says it takes too long to hull 'em."

"I'll be tarnation dinged," he later stormed at my mother, "if I'm goin' to work my head off to help support a good-for-nothin' crew like Old Covell's! Why can't he get out and dig, same's the rest of us? If I had my way —"

But whatever his way would have been, nothing changed the Covells,

and as long as I can remember, the neighbors took care of them.

Of course, there were times when there was nothing a neighbor could do except just be around. Yet it seems to me the old-time neighbors far excelled us in the way they had of "being around" at a time of tragedy. They knew when to say the right thing and when to say nothing; there was strength in their presence. Like the time Mr. Preston was killed by a bull.

We were at breakfast when the hired man came tearing along on horseback. "Preston's been gored," he said. "He's dead." And he rode on. My father pushed back his chair and looked at my mother. His face was gray and his hands trembled. "I'll hitch up," he said. When my mother stood up she put her hands on the table and leaned on it. Then she went to change her dress.

When we got there, Mis' Preston was sitting out on the stoop. Father went into the room where the men had carried Mr. Preston. My mother went up to Mis' Preston and sat down beside her. Mis' Preston reached out and took Mother's hand. My mother put her arm around her, but didn't say anything. Pretty soon Mis' Preston put her head on Mother's shoulder. I had to turn away.

One day, some months later, Mis' Preston came to our house. "Miry," she said, "as long as I live I'll never forget the way you came and sat down by me. When you were with

me it seemed as if I was *getting hold again*."

"There wasn't anything I could do," said my mother miserably.

"I didn't need anything *done*," Mis' Preston said gently. "I just wanted somebody there—that cared."

Of course the other neighbors did things too, that time. Mis' Bouldry took over her crepe veil and black gloves she had when her mother died, and Mis' Simpson cut every one of her hundreds of beautiful day lilies for the funeral. Those for whom there was nothing to do, like my mother, were just there.

III

Neighborliness, in those days, was also an important part of the American economic system. When it came haying or harvesting time, the men exchanged work and the women helped each other. When the thrashers were at Bouldrys', my mother would cook a batch of fried cakes or a pan of beans and take them over. My father would be there helping Lem and we'd all stay to supper. My father always butchered two or three hogs in the Fall and Lem Bouldry would come over to help. Old Man Covell would be there too, and Stib Obart, who did the killing. Then, when the hogs were cut up, my father would take some of the meat to each of them. When they butchered, they would bring some to us.

It seems to me there was greater dignity as well as greater warmth to the way we lived then than there is in the way we live now. Everybody, in fact, worked. It was, after all, the neighborhood that cleared the land, built homes, churches and schools, and advanced a civilization into an open prairie. Each home was a unit in itself, but only as it was fostered and upheld by others.

No longer is this true. Homes are more self-sufficient; whatever resources they lack are found around the corner by public offering. We shall never again have to depend on Old Covell to lay out our dead; the mortician will do that much more

skillfully. We are no longer called upon to sit up with the sick. They are taken to the hospital, where even the best of neighborly care is exceeded by competence and training. And so it goes throughout a hundred incidents in the course of daily life.

Perhaps we would not have it otherwise. All that we could, in reason, hope to conserve would be the spirit of old-time neighborliness — the readiness to stand by and help. The necessity for that spirit is as great now as ever. Primitive need created neighborliness in pioneer days; intelligent recognition of its value should revive it now.



RETIREMENT FROM OFFICE

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

FOR three long years, I have not known my mind.
 It has lain open like a public square
 Deep at the city's heart, a by-place where
 Recurrent footsteps leave brown paths behind
 That no green freshens. Yet not out of hate
 Of trampling feet or a despoiling hand,
 I now take back my grant of common land,
 Spike the high walls, and padlock the grilled gate.
 With no thoughts left to whittle like the bark
 Of smooth and silver birches, none to break
 Like starry dogwood snapped off for the sake
 Of its white beauty, with my mind a park
 Shabby with usage, it requires the grace
 Of slow renewals as a private place.

RESETTLING AMERICA

Dr. Tugwell's Dream Cities of Utopia

BY BLAIR BOLLES

A good many years before Goddard perfected the reprehensible horse and buggy — about 1770, to be exact — a European panacea for curing all economic ills, known as the Cottage-Holding System, died of its own futility. Today — under a New Deal that will try anything once — the Washington wizards have resurrected this agrarian phony, polished its bones, pumped \$60,000,000 of supposedly sound money into the corpse, and given us Resettlement. With only an ambiguous permission from Congress, Dr. Roosevelt has appropriated the lives of 11,000 bewildered American citizens, jerked them out of their homes, taken complete charge of their destinies, and set them to tilling soil and producing an abundance — at the same time that he pays their neighbors to grow nothing. He has destroyed their sense of civic responsibility, blue-printed their lives, and dumped them in Alaska, or New Jersey, or Washington, or West Virginia, or wherever some day-dreaming bureaucrat has put a finger on the map, in the hope that a Planned Economy would

follow. The supposition is that, given a home, the occupant will find a source of income; which is in conflict with the old-fashioned human custom of developing a source of income first and building the home afterward.

To the Cottage-Holding skeleton, the Master Minds have added complicating features of the feudal land system, the Soviet co-operative farm, the Oneida Community, the musical republic set up by the Jesuits for the redmen of Paraguay, and overtones of Coney Island. They are determined to prove that the best weapon against the specter of urban over-industrialization is the simple one of running away from it. The 11,000 victims of this rural migration are already indebted to the United States Government for, in at least one instance, as much as \$20,000 per head; almost 1000 owe more than \$5000; and approximately 9000 are on the cuff for the comparatively trifling sum of \$3000. Yet oddly enough, these Americanos were granted federal succor on the sole plea that they were improv-

erished, broken in spirit, hungry, and jobless. Now, however, they must pay monthly installments to a mortgage holder, in this case not a gallus-snapping country banker but the Federal Government, which has proved surprisingly stony-hearted in its treatment of delinquent beneficiaries of the Home Owners' Loan Corporation. And where is the money coming from to meet these mortgage payments? Supposedly from the happy homestead toil of the 11,000 transplanted pants-pressers, fruit vendors, mechanics, cab-drivers, one-crop farmers, garment workers, stone cutters, cabinet makers, apple growers, and radical orators who are to be converted from urban dole-takers into agrarian peers by the simple process of following a blueprint.

Of course, in the end, this whole gaudy experiment in blurred sociology will be paid for by the 130,000,000 solvent Americans who remain un-Resettled, for the myopia of Resettlement itself precludes the hope that any large percentage of the experimentees will meet their debts. Nor is it a plea in extenuation to assert that merely a tiny fraction of America's population is directly benefited; such an argument can only raise the forthright question: Why, in a democracy, are so few to receive the supposed blessings of the decentralization of industry? The truth of the matter is that if Resettlement is to be successful in a practical sense,

the entire economic system of America must be revised. And that motive, perhaps, brings the whole question into the open, where it can be appraised in the light of the New Deal's collectivist program. For Resettlement is, in essence, merely another step toward the ultimate regimentation of the populace. It was born in the fulsome minds of Drs. Rexford Tugwell and Harry Hopkins and is being carried out by the hand-picked adjutants of their Make-America-Over Corps. These hired planners of the New Atlantis right now are in full cry on the spoor of the millennium. And they are confident enough of their conspicuous talents to believe it can be snared as easily as Edward Bellamy fell asleep or as James Aloysius Farley lands a job for a shiftless nephew of a fellow Democratic contractor.

Hence, from the Cowlitz River in Washington to New Jersey's Millstone, the Republic is dappled with ninety-three Resettlement projects. In return for a house, for the privilege of basket-weaving, for the freedom to forge wrought-iron art objects and to spin wool in the parlor, to brush the teeth in a white-tiled bathroom, and to work in any industry God may send their way, the subsidized pioneers of 1936 agree to become inmates of a New Deal zoo for forty years and to leap spryly when Uncle Rex says jump. The homesteaders' existence supposedly is complete within the menagerie.

They raise their own food, fashion their own tools, build their own houses, and attend their own schools. They are as deliberately decentralized as is possible in a world of steadily narrowing limits. Some of them, it is true, go to work daily at industries established by the old Capitalistic Bosses, but before and after hours, in their homes in the Resettlement villages, their lives are communal and their activities reputedly self-sustaining. Everybody is a builder; everybody is an artist; everybody is a handicrafter; everybody is a potential Leader in the Good Life to Come. As one of the numberless federal pamphlets declares:

Constructive use of leisure time for low-income workers can best be found in the home production of food and its preservation by canning and drying, home production of so-called "handicraft" products primarily for home use but also for sale, all of which will add to the family income. . . . Living expenses will be lowered by supplying better housing at less, or no increase in cost, by reducing the demand for vicarious amusements which necessitated expenditure of funds.

This spells hardship for market-farmers; it takes business from food packers; it is resented by Navajo Indian blanket-weavers and Snuffy Smith mountaineer craftsmen; it steals a large following from the movie theaters — but it all works for the stabilization of America-Made-Over.

The escapists reading books before the throne of Dr. Tugwell expect that the project-dwelling hailers of Backward, Ho! will become rich enough in forty years, through gardening, canning, weaving, and neglect of the movies, to repay government loans averaging above \$5000, while they clothe and feed their families, and meet the bills for electricity coming over New Deal wires. Starry-eyed Dr. Tugwell explained to a radio audience why he advertises as omnipotent the Cottage-Holding System which once was the mistress of poverty: "It is possible to have a new era in terms of assured income, security, and contentment at a high standard of living." But Rex is only hovering ghostlike over the sepulcher of that old irconcilable Utopian, William Cobbett, whose astral body belongs today to the New Radicals.

II

The corpse of subsistence living was revived by the National Recovery Industrial Act, section 208 of Title 11 (which is still constitutional):

To provide for aiding the redistribution of the overbalance of population in industrial centers, \$25,000,000 is hereby made available to the President, to be used by him through such agencies as he may make, for making loans and for otherwise aiding in the purchase of subsistence homesteads. The moneys collected as repayment of said loans shall con-

stitute a revolving fund as directed by the President for the purposes of this section.

To administer this section of the law, the President designated Secretary of the Interior Dr. Ickes, who established the Division of Subsistence Homesteads. A subsistence homestead, according to Bulletin No. 1 of the Division, entitled *Homestead and Hope*, "consists of a modern but inexpensive house and outbuildings located on a plot of ground upon which a family may produce a considerable portion of the food required for home consumption. . . . The homesteads, when completed, are sold on liberal terms to families with annual incomes of less than \$1200. The sales price of the average homestead is \$3000."

This latter figure, however, is the poetic dream of a social visionary. The sales price of only 235 of 2908 homesteads is \$3000 or less; only 1600 rural palaces in the California Migratory Camp cost less than \$3000 among the 7000 houses on the projects planned or in the early stages of development. The average income of each experimenter is incomputable. One dweller in Arthurdale, West Virginia, disclosed that his year's wealth equalled \$590.50, divided as follows: \$85 from the sale of cucumbers, \$18 for wheat, and \$487.50 for hire as a laborer. But he must pay monthly on his \$10,000 house-and-lot loan. As for the \$25,000,000 federal allotment mentioned

in the law, it has been swelled to \$58,000,000 on the books, with no records kept of CWA, FERA, and WPA funds paid to Relief laborers employed on the projects. More than in any other New Deal dodge, the practice prevails here of "throw 'em cake", as long as Congress provides it.

Out of the Subsistence Homesteads Division grew the Resettlement Administration, organized on May 1, 1935, by executive order. Placed under the direction of Dr. Tugwell, it is committed to four functions:

1. To Resettle; meaning a continuation of the subsistence homesteads program, the transfer of farmers from poor land to better (at an average cost of \$5000), and the building of "suburban Resettlements" like the Tugwelltown Greenbelt in Maryland, just outside the District of Columbia line.

2. To rehabilitate farmers by loans for the purchase of farm supplies, for renting land, for repairing farm equipment and buildings, and for subsistence.

3. To adjust farm debts.

4. To make an inventory of the land resources of each State and plan their "proper" use, and to purchase some 9,000,000 acres of unproductive land (206 projects in 44 States) to be developed into grazing areas, forests, wild-life preserves, recreation grounds, and picnic nooks.

To these four ends, RA, aside from

its drought-relief work, has spent or lent \$98,000,000 of the \$275,000,000 under its control. To administer the distribution of this \$98,000,000, RA employs 15,804 jobholders who are paid \$21,082,000 a year. Rehabilitation loans and grants have gone to 500,965 farmers. Farm debts have been adjusted for 17,460. At work on the Resettlement projects as laborers, averaging sixty-five cents an hour for a thirty-hour week, are 12,086, and on the land-use program, 59,376.

Yet today, because of the impossibility of custom-building economy, Resettlement is more a monument to recreation and leisure than anything else. Leisure, for the cohorts of Drs. Hopkins and Tugwell, has superseded Love as the supreme experience of mankind. The countless memoranda produced by the Subsistence Homesteads Division fondle this theme with all the passion shown by a barfly for *Sweet Adeline*. The pace was set by a ukase declaring: "Subsistence Homesteads offer a means to use leisure time constructively", and every description of every project devotes at least one hundred words to the same end. Dr. Tugwell has the leisure-complex to a lesser degree than his adjutants and his fellow remodelers of America; but from its early momentum, the pursuit of idle time for the multitude now goes on like a planet through space.

This leisure, with well-constructed

homes, plots of ground, and clear views of the purpling sunset, is brought to thirteen Sioux Falls, South Dakota, families on a Resettlement project at an acknowledged cost of \$20,520 each. The benevolent government of a democracy of 130,000,000 inhabitants chose so to spoil .00000009603 per cent of their number because they were underprivileged and because they lacked a sense of leisure. For the sake of leisure, 200 needleworkers from New York City were installed at Hightstown, New Jersey, far from the madding crowd and farther still from the needle-goods market; they went to the wilds, at a cost of \$7850 each, because in Manhattan "the prospects of future employment are limited". Since operating garment factories were unable to give them steady work, the Hightstown homesteaders set up their own plant to compete with the privately owned establishments. Work the Resettled may not have; income may be as rare as a captive gorilla; brains may be dead, incentive lacking; but they can boast instruction in the use of leisure time by the soul-saving agents of a government Magog.

At the New Eden listed as Westmoreland Homesteads, Pennsylvania, 253 Adams at the heads of 253 families must find in communal poultry-raising sufficient income during the next forty years to repay to the successors of Drs. Hopkins, Ickes, and Tugwell the \$5390 each

owes for his five-room house, his two acres of ground, and his barn, while he keeps his property in good repair and stands in the good graces of the tax-collector.

At Arthurdale, the West Virginia Nirvana, sixty former coal miners are at work assembling vacuum cleaners, while the remaining sixty-five Resettlers make furniture which does not sell except to their fellow community dwellers, or work thirty hours a week at sixty-five cents an hour in building each others' houses. When these houses number 165, the men will turn to constructing a twenty-room inn in a community where even the Resettlement manager questions the number of visitors who might seek lodging.

At Crossville, Tennessee, the 334 roamers of the Elysium dubbed Cumberland Homesteads are expected to find in woodchopping and lumbering the wealth that will provide them with a living and the cash to pay off a debt of \$5050 each in monthly installments. These Tennessee Made-Overs were formerly destitute because the business of woodchopping and lumbering around Crossville was at a standstill.

Unless two-acre poultry-raising, then, pays magnificently, unless the Arthurdale inhabitants spend the next forty years in constructing houses which will not be needed, unless the penniless woodchoppers find large incomes in unnecessary woodchopping, unless the Hights-

town needleworkers sell the needlework for which there is no market, the Resettled will find themselves not merely unemployed, or half-employed, but actually failure debtors, evicted from their Paradises by the Earth-Shakers who supposed they could run counter to all the laws of society.

III

The vainglory of such economic contraception is best exhibited at Arthurdale. This \$3,000,000 West Virginia retreat for discouraged coal miners is the oldest of the ninety-three Resettlement communities. It is closer than any of the others to Eleanor Roosevelt's heart. It concerns the woes of an industrial group, the miners, sufficiently large to be representative of all labor in the United States. It has been operating long enough—three years—to demonstrate the failure of the theory which produced it and to explain that failure.

This Tugwellian Sparta occupies the 1133 sylvan acres of the old Richard M. Arthur estate, bought by the government in 1933. Two centuries ago the land belonged to Col. John Fairfax, the Virginia Colonial gentleman made famous by Parson Weems because George Washington—may he rest in his grave!—surveyed a part of his property. The well-built Arthur House, perhaps the sturdiest in the county, was

scrapped by the new owner, the Body Politic. Twenty-eight miles of tile were laid by 1000 CWA laborers to drain the glades, which are not yet drained. Nine miles of road were planned. From a mail-order firm, fifty houses were bought. Presto! Arthurdale was ready to operate.

The center of Arthurdale today is the Community Square, an open rectangle dedicated to the proposition that the New Deal is great stuff. Its buildings include a co-operative store, with profits returned to the Resettled as dividends. Below it is a cafeteria, with profits bound in the same direction. Then comes the church, where services are conducted on Sundays after its use on Saturday nights for square-dancing, admission 25 cents per man, with proceeds earmarked for community picnics. Beside the church is the furniture store, where sales are rare, and The Forge, where mighty smiths fashion art objects of iron. Next is the Resettlement office, presided over by G. M. Flynn, RA manager. Tacked on his door-frame is the Arthurdale theme song, a sugar verse clipped from a spirit-reviving magazine, *Be Strong!*

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.

We have hard work to do and loads to lift.

Shun not the struggle—face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!

It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,

How hard the battle goes, the day how long!

Faint not, fight on! Tomorrow comes the song!

Mr. Flynn is the third guardian of the business of the Happy Homes of Mt. Briery. His predecessors were frowned upon by Resettlement because curious writers from the world beyond the Dream City learned too much about the silly doings of the inspired Duffs. The result is a ban on conversation. "Nice view, isn't it?" is the Arthurdale official's share of a dialogue with an outsider. Freedom of speech is a memory, and Mr. Flynn therefore is blessed by Washington. This sealed-lip policy is invoked to keep a family secret—the inanities of Arthurdale. The number of these is great; many have become standard gags among the neighbors and furnish a belly-laugh for the mourner at the dwindling Federal Treasury. For ease in cataloguing some of the more astounding items in this miscellany of mismanagement, we list them here in the handy style of the Winchellian litany, or Things the Taxpayer Never Knew Till Now:

That for the benefit of a colony of 400 children, the United States Government has erected six school houses, at a cost of \$9000 each.

That in April, 1936, seven months after they were built, the school houses had to be repaired because the caves ended so near the walls that water entered the cracks, froze, and split the timbers.

That the school houses are built close together in a row; but that for each of the six buildings there is a separate heating plant and each has its own janitor.

That the Arthurdale High School is not recognized by the school system of West Virginia, and that the three pupils who graduated from it last June received no credit from the State.

That the United States, which razed the sturdy, 26-room Arthur House, plans now to build a similar 21-room structure at a cost of \$11,000.

That the Division of Subsistence Homesteads bought fifty halters for fifty cows and then neglected to buy the cows.

That copper plumbing in the second set of houses has been replaced by brass in the third because the homesteaders inadvertently drove nails through the copper pipes, which are laid beneath the floors.

That eight wells were dug and then capped, when house sites were abandoned.

That at a cost of \$278, the United States carted eighty rhododendron plants to the project, where rhododendrons abound.

That every sink in every kitchen is equipped with a \$37.50 grease trap.

That for \$1100, a church 150 years old was bought and moved six miles, relodged, and then its sides knocked out to make possible easy access to the community furniture store and the cafeteria.

That the original plumbing contractor, whose work was completed in 1934, has not yet been paid.

That the roofs still leak on the famous "Shotgun" houses bought from the mail-order firm and rebuilt eight times before they became habitable.

That the average indebtedness of

the holder of a six-room Arthurdale house erected by the government is \$10,750; but that just two and a half miles from Arthurdale there was for sale in 1933 an eight-room and bath, two-story and basement brick dwelling, four years old, in a thirty-five acre plot, for \$5000.

The Arthurdale man arises early, tends his garden, averaging 3.9 acres, eats his breakfast from a maple table, and goes to his work — whether it be back to the garden, to the community field, building another house, to the \$78,000 factory, to the store, to the cafeteria, to The Forge, or to the furniture shop. If he earns \$400 a year, he is lucky. He must buy coal for his stove, but fuel is cheap — about \$1.50 a ton for run of the mine. He must pay the high rate of six cents a kilowatt hour for electricity. He must amortize his debt in monthly payments for forty years: but if each Made-Over paid \$20 a month, ignoring the interest charge, the sum recaptured by the United States would be but \$9600, while the debt averages \$10,750. And since the socio-economists who inspired subsistence homesteads and RA allot one-fifth of a man's income for housing, the Arthurdale homesteaders should be making \$100 a month or \$1200 a year. The real total for the more wealthy Arthurdalean, however, is less than half of this. The monthly payment, actually, is not a constant figure; it is to be raised gradually for five years on the supposition that by the end of such a

period, each homesteader will have become self-sustaining through the operation of test-tube economy. But \$1200 was an income denied millions of Americans in 1929. It is a rarity in the Arthurdale neighborhood today even among successful and self-supporting citizens.

In this connection, it is worthwhile to note that Arthurdale was established to fetch the Balm of Gilead to the jobless coal miners in the camps of Scott's Run, a little Dawson on the outskirts of Morgantown, one of West Virginia's most respectable communities. Until the middle 'Twenties, Scott's Run did pretty well, but the Depression brought unemployment. Mrs. Roosevelt, whose interest in miners transcends even her interest in other people's children, heard of conditions at Scott's Run and went to see for herself. The result was wire-pulling in Washington and the choice of northwestern West Virginia as the site of the first Utopia.

The news got around that applicants were wanted to enjoy the Preston County heaven. But here arose the first problem. The planners of Arthurdale insisted that the settlers meet a high standard. Hence, they admitted only the cream of the Scott's Run distressed, the group which could most easily land jobs in a normal world. The result so far has been to prove that for \$3,000,000, the American taxpayer can support in mild luxury 165 men and their

families, capable of supporting themselves elsewhere.

The basis of Arthurdale thus shows itself to be that eighteenth-century phony, the Cottage-Holding System. It has also certain evidences of feudalism, with the homesteader serfs owing a limited bondage to the lord of the manor, the local manager; the homesteaders' contracts hold them to their homes unless they can find satisfactory successors, but they may be banished at any time they outrage their master. Regarded from another viewpoint, it is a Russian collective farm, with the common fields tilled by employees of the co-operative, their produce marketed by the co-operative, and the profits, if any, distributed as dividends among all the homesteaders.

But perhaps New Deal Congressman Jennings Randolph of West Virginia knows better than anyone just what Resettlement is. At the June graduation of Arthurdale students who won't be accepted by West Virginia colleges, and to an audience of vacuum-cleaner assemblers, basket-weavers, art-object molders, and highly proficient pupils of Leisure, he said, addressing his portentous remarks to the agog person of Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt:

"We are deeply and sincerely appreciative of the work you, Mrs. Roosevelt, have done here in Arthurdale, knowing that you are making a pattern for future Americans."

SOLILOQUY IN LATE AUTUMN

BY TED OLSON

YEAR's ebb again: the slow tide sagging
Torpidly sleepward; earth's veins, and men's
Sluggish with frost; shell ice along the fens;
Meadows flint to the heel; the wind bragging

Empty and loud in the eaves. So all years ended:
Another harvest; hay once more in the stack
Rain-rotted, a stench of dust, tobacco-black;
All to do over, nothing as he intended.

Sick of it, sick of the imbecile recurrence
Of life, he watched the cattle turn away
Unsatisfied from the counterfeit of hay,
And envied them their stoical, drugged endurance.

Life's ebb, he knew: the sap as surely
Draining out of the arm as from the bough;
The mind a flinty furrow where the plow
Turned rust; and twilight coming down, too early.

World's ebb. . . . Above him the windy ceiling
Of cloud tore wide a moment to an immense,
Star-pitted gulf; he had a giddy sense
The flimsy planet underfoot was reeling

Drunkenly on through space to some appalling,
Inscrutable doom, to wreck on cosmic shores
Swept clean of its cargo of men and their greeds and wars,
And better so. . . .

He heard the cattle bawling,
And took his pails, and went about his chores.

EDITORIAL

The Meaning of Violence

To get at the unvarnished reality of any important problem is without doubt the hardest task that faces the thoughtful American citizen today. In this land of euphemism, slogan, and myth, a stark fact is as rare as a naked archbishop. The wary observer soon learns that things are never what they seem, that the appearance of reality is almost always fraudulent, and that Truth is invariably hidden under bushels of camouflage. Hence, when the American begins to concern himself seriously — as he must now soon do — with such an intricate problem as that of tolerance towards those revolutionaries who wish to overthrow his present form of government, it is little wonder that he is baffled and confused.

Not that this problem of free speech is a facile one, even when shorn of current confusion. It has been a thorn in the seats of the mighty for centuries and it may well continue so on into history, along with war, apathy, and greed, as one more problem which the human race seems incapable of solving. But the fact that tolerance presents a vexing question should not prevent the citizens of

this insecure Republic from adopting a realistic attitude toward it.

The problem in America today, reduced to its simplest terms, is one of definition. Three groups, of which only the first is important, are concerned: the Communists, who favor destruction of the present democracy; the New Dealers and allied Utopians, who have a flair for tinkering with dynamite; and the Reactionaries, who insist that anyone able to define the word dialectic should be burned at the stake. These latter groups, to repeat, are inconsequential: the New Dealers will soon or late be tossed on the scrap heap along with other discredited quacks; and the Reactionaries are never more than natural fungoid growths behind club windows. But the militant Communists are a potent force in America today and their intentions will bear examination.

To begin with, the fact that Earl Browder and his fellow extremists receive orders, or even gold, from Moscow can be dismissed as unimportant. It should be obvious that an idea nurtured in the Kremlin can be just as sound as a theology sprouted in Asbury Park. If memory serves,

George Washington imported his Madeira from Portugal, Thomas Jefferson his revolutionary ideas from France, and Abraham Lincoln his Carl Schurz from Germany. But it is important to know, and proper to ask, what are the Comrades' actual intentions. The federal law in this matter is indisputably clear: agitation for a change in the American form of government is permissible — so long as such agitation does not advocate violence. The question, therefore, is: Do the Communists intend to use violence to gain their ends if the opportunity presents itself?

There is only one rational answer to this question — Yes. Even a casual examination of the ideology of Communism and a passing glance at its physical history can lead to no other conclusion. The Marxian theology has for its central concept the idea of war, ruthless war to the death between the upper and lower classes of society. The proletariat is to carry on this struggle of annihilation until it has destroyed its supposed oppressors. Physically, the history of Communism can be examined in the three countries where it has had a foothold — Spain, China, and Russia. An impartial newsreel, portraying on some gargantuan screen the day-to-day record of Communism in these nations, would illuminate one long panorama of blood and death. The present leaders of Communism in Spain and China have illustrated vividly their blood lust. In Russia the

Comrades have killed more human beings than have ever lost their lives before under any form of human government in a similar period of time. The Soviet High Command today maintains the most powerful military establishment ever seen on earth, ruthlessly imprisons and executes its internal dissidents, and stretches out a hand to stir up strife and carnage in every festering spot abroad. Is it possible that such a militant theology, backed by these ideas and endorsed by these performances, can take form and force as a political party in America without being dedicated to the violence which has everywhere else brought it into being?

That is the question which needs immediate decision. For, once it has been decided by intelligent Americans, the course of action will become rational, not hysterical. It is easy enough to throw Earl Browder into the hoosegow in Terre Haute — and it wouldn't be very difficult to keep him there. But unless Comrade Browder's freedom of speech is curtailed for an intelligent and legal reason, the final damage of such a proceeding to our civilization will greatly outweigh any temporary solace to our prejudices. To make a mistake in this matter is to burn down the house because we have stubbed a toe on the doorstep. But, on the other hand, if we know that Comrade Browder is preaching revolutionary violence, he should be suppressed in the same

manner that Al Capone was suppressed—only the job should be done more expeditiously.

It is here, then, that we need an appreciation of reality. What are the actual facts? We must dismiss the mass of beclouding verbiage with which every idea is camouflaged before it is released for consumption to the American people; and we must forget the protestations of innocence which come so glibly from the Comrades' lips, as well as the indignant rumblings from the reactionary belly. We can, and must, concentrate on these indisputable realities: that the Communist Party, through its political candidates, through publications such as the *Daily Worker* and the *New Masses*, is preaching revolution by name; that its ideology is based on a war of annihilation; that the history of the Party, wherever it has been in control, is the history of violence; that, majority control never having been the Communist technique, the chances of final victory depend upon seizure of power by a violent minority; that the physical actions of the Comrades in America today, as exemplified by strikes, picketing, riots, and mass demonstrations, are all of the most violent type; and that the very idea of Communism, meaning as it does total destruction of all superior values, can be introduced in no other way but violently. In the face of these facts can it rationally be maintained that the militant Communist agitation for

the overthrow of the American form of government does not include "violent means"?

II

It should be remembered that we are no longer living in a world of absolutes. The complexity of modern civilization makes compromise imperative. It was easy enough, not so many years ago, to define the true and the beautiful; to set up the absolutes of right and wrong, good and evil. But this simplicity, this assurance of indivisibility, is no longer possible in a world which has torn up the copybooks and stubbornly refuses to obey traditional rules. We are entering an epoch in which the only reality is to be physical reality. No more can it be said that if certain laws of economics are disobeyed misfortune will result; the only incontestable axiom is that if you don't have enough food, you starve. In a world given over to barbarism, all gentlemen's agreements have been suspended, the Marquis of Queensberry rules are passé, concepts of right and honor have been tossed into the dust bin.

Hence the time has come to forget the mumbo-jumbo of a decayed Liberalism, and to take a realistic attitude toward hard-boiled facts. Freedom of speech, let it be remembered, may once have been a pretty fantasy in the minds of dusty professors; but it was never an actuality. You had

freedom of speech when you had the might to force others to let you speak your mind. When you lacked that might you kept your mouth shut — whether you were a street urchin talking to a cop or the British lion making passes at Mussolini. That is what freedom of speech really is; not an inalienable right, a heritage of civilization, or a God-given prerogative. Those who deny this are either using the slogan as cover for a political racket — *viz.* the Civil Liberties Union — or they are incurable Utopians who can think only in terms of nebulous platitudes.

The racketeers are too obvious in their intentions to merit consideration, but the Utopians are the gentry who are forever getting the human race into trouble. It sounds all very fine and noble to say “I will defend with my life your right to urge my destruction”, and the result is usually as predicted. (For revolutionists show an extraordinary callousness about machine-gunning people who have guaranteed them freedom of speech; indeed, they seem to have what might be called a sweet tooth for Kerenskyites.) But there are a good many other people, besides the Utopians, who have no desire to lose life and property in order that a spurious reality may be counterfeited for a slogan which can never come true. It is highly preferable to face the facts as they are in this barbaric world. No amount of pretending will efface actual impulses which

exist in the hearts of men today. You can holler for sportsmanship and ethics until you are blue in the face — but dictatorship marches on. Therefore, no matter how many mealy-minded idealists continue pathetically to believe in the existence of sacred abstractions, no matter how much we may dislike it, we must all accept this indisputable fact: If America is to survive as a civilized nation it must look reality in the eye.

And an excellent first step in this direction would be to stop quibbling about whether Communists have honorable intentions. Let us accept the reality — that the Communist Party in America today is dedicated to the proposition that democracy is to be overthrown by violence, without mercy or honor, and that every man connected with the militant Communist movement is either explicitly or implicitly resolved to do his share of the mopping-up. This is the actual situation. It is unpleasant to contemplate. It does not jibe with our traditional Liberal ideas. It has all the unpleasantness that is forever associated with the truth. But there is no getting around it.

The realistic attitude must be this: Any agitator who urges revolution — remember that there is no such thing as non-violent revolution — should be deprived of his freedom of speech and should be punished to an extent commensurate with the seriousness of his conspiracy against the Republic.

AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

THE word *damage* is given a new evaluation by the alert editor of the *Conway News*:

A car owned by H. H. Boyd of Pulaski county, was stalled on the Mo. Pac. track southwest of Little Rock early Tuesday, but owing to the strong steel construction of the car the damage was comparatively small and only two passengers injured and a transient killed.

CALIFORNIA

SWAMI Baird T. Spalding resumes his researches into the ways of little-known folk and reports his findings to *Mind Magazine*:

We know of conditions among the Indians today where they can draw a line around their villages across which no one can come with hate in his heart. It was attempted twice and in both instances the attempt proved disastrous.

AMAZING erudition of a Sunkist prodigy, as related by the all-seeing, all-knowing Hollywood *Talkie-Talk*:

Jack Heitman, St. Louis 4-year-old, who has an intelligence test rating of a person twice his age, surprised a Hollywood studio the other day. Jackie was being tested for a possible screen contract.

"I can spell the longest word in the English language," he said, and did. It was "antidisestablishmentarianism."

THRILLING experience of one of the homefolk on tour, as chronicled by the Tujunga *Free Press*:

If you meet someone from Tujunga in Montrose, you think nothing of it; in Glendale, it does not cause you any surprise. If you spot a Tujunga face in Los Angeles, you think it quite a coincidence—but what about looking into the face of a Tujunga neighbor as the train pulls out of Philadelphia!

That is what happened to Mrs. J. T. Powers of Queen's Lane, who is expected home tomorrow from an eight weeks' grand tour of the States. In the train near Philadelphia, she found herself vis-à-vis with Mrs. Agnes Doan and daughter, Bonnie.

COLORADO

A SPORTS writer of the Antonito *Ledger-News* confesses to an inexplicable error of fact:

A CORRECTION

In the writeup of the Labor Day fight in the last issue of the *Ledger*, the writer stated that one of last year's Roundup accidents was when a gentleman broke his leg at the fight at that time. Just how we became confused is unexplainable. The accident occurred at the Martinez-Jordan fight nearer three years ago.

THE Colorado Springs *Independent* issues a statistical report on petting conditions in the Great Open Spaces:

A story is being told of a tourist who was scouting in the Garden of the Gods when night came. Being unable to get his bearings, he decided to fire a gun he was carrying, hoping that the sound might reach some one who would aid him in returning to town.

Imagine his surprise, following the report of the gun, to be able to count the

headlights of 159 automobiles, just turned on.

INDIANA

THE new America, as patriotically heralded by the Communist Party of South Bend with appropriate mention of those grand old Marxists, Lincoln, Paine, and Henry:

A MESSAGE TO THE WORKERS OF SOUTH BEND!

HEAR AMERICA'S ABE LINCOLN OF 1936 — MR. EARL BROWDER

Mr. Browder, a native son of Kansas, and born of the rich pioneer stock that blazed the western trails and built our great beloved America . . . carries on his countenance and in his speeches and habits the typical traits and glowing fervour of the immortal Abe Lincoln, Thomas Paine and Patrick Henry. . . . It is men like Earl Browder, William Z. Foster, John L. Lewis, Adolph Germer, and organizations like the Committee for Industrial Organization, that typify the best in labor; that represent what is most vital and hopeful in America. They all carry forward and apply to the concrete conditions of 1936, the rich revolutionary traditions of 1776 and 1864. . . . Nobody has grasped more firmly, nor understood better the historic connection of these past traditions and the present struggles of labor and the common people of America, than Mr. Earl Browder, Secretary of the Communist Party of the U.S.A. . . .

COMMUNISM IS THE AMERICANISM OF THE 20TH CENTURY!

KANSAS

HARMLESS bucolic sport is undertaken by the leading citizens of the thriving city of Olanthe and reported in the learned *Mirror*:

The Beard Growing Derby got off to a flying start yesterday noon with a lunch-

eon meeting at Marshalls Café. A permanent organization was set up with Tom Poor as president and regulations providing for the enforcement of raising a crop of hair on the face were adopted. . . . A committee of 20 which met yesterday were determined to the man that every business and professional man in Olathe would grow a beard. Seeing a smooth-shaven gentleman, a whistle will be blown which will be the signal of the "call to arms" and all beard growers will swarm to the street and assist in the arrest.

The victim will be hailed before the high tribunal and his case will be heard. In the event that he will not pay the stipulated fine, he will be remanded to the jail until he pays. . . .

KENTUCKY

THE advertising manager of the *Ashland Daily Independent* issues a quiet boast:

T. R. Hobbs lost his white and black puppy, placed a want ad in the *Daily Independent* and got quick action. Bill Rice, setting copy for the ad, found the dog asleep under his typesetting machine.

THE editor of the *Central City Times-Argus* reports on the progress of brotherly love in the Blue Grass region:

In the early frontier days men used to chain a bear to a stake and then turn loose a pack of dogs to torment and worry it to death. . . . It seems, with the exception of a few minor changes, that this cruel sport is being revived today in Central City.

This time instead of a bear chained to a stake, it's an old Negro man, Lewis Russell, partially blind, physically helpless; and instead of a pack of dogs (I may be wrong here) it's a group of men and boys who surround him and proceed to entertain themselves at his expense by

kicking, worrying, turning a water hose on him, tormenting him in every way they can think of until he is completely exhausted.

LOUISIANA

THE brethren get a special treat, according to their pastor's advertisement in the *Webster Review* of Minden:

Christ will be put on trial in a modern way, according to the announcement made by H. E. Kirkpatrick, pastor of the First Baptist Church, last Sunday. This trial will be held under the Ferguson Memorial Tabernacle at the regular worship hour Sunday evening at eight o'clock. "A Modern Trial For Jesus" is to be the theme and according to plans the witnesses and jury will be called upon to declare whether Jesus be an impostor or Christ.

MICHIGAN

THE question of who is boss in the home is settled neatly by a retired executive of Detroit, and reported to the world by the Associated Press:

John Drotar, former motorman, cut off his wife's nose, then attempted suicide, police said today.

"She was putting her nose into my business, so I sliced it off," Drotar said.

MINNESOTA

THE editor of the distinguished *White Bear Press* squirms out of an uncomfortable position:

The *Press* regrets that Miss Mary Chandler of Mahtomedi, took exception to the item last week stating that her car ran over a man named Kane. The mention

stated that she was not to blame, that the accident was unavoidable. Miss Chandler claims she did not run over the man, that he fell under the car. We know of nothing more to say — only Mr. Kane suffered some broken ribs.

MISSOURI

ALARMING typographical error slips past the advertising proof readers of the conservative St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*:

\$37.50 Dresses \$22.50
Modern style of walnut veneer; big mirror; oak drawers!

NEW JERSEY

IMMORTALITY for the lower extremities as heralded in a dispatch from Newark:

An undertaker called at Columbus Hospital today and claimed an amputated leg, explaining that the family of Nathan Jones, injured in an automobile accident, insisted on a funeral and interment for the limb. The hospital had planned to cremate the leg. The Jones family ordered a new grave dug in the family plot.

NEW YORK

THE alert editor of *America* makes a safe prediction of an event which can be expected during the administration of Franklin D. Landon:

John L. Green will succeed in unionizing the steel mills.

THE New Deal finally catches up with King Canute, according to the *New York Times*:

Handicapped by the punctual rise of the incoming tide, 250 WPA workers were still busy on the east shore of Staten

Island for a few hours yesterday building a boardwalk on a site which is under water at high tide. Although the workmen have the assistance of mechanical pile drivers mounted on floats, they are unable to work during high tide because the water rises almost to the top of the piles. While waiting for the tide to ebb they just rest. Altogether since last October they have been working an average of four hours a day, occasionally six, and sometimes less than four when high tide comes at midday. They also have a five-day week.

NORTH CAROLINA

THE outspoken Raleigh *News and Observer* sums up the Presidential campaign in a daring front-page headline:

LONDON AGAINST
DEMOCRATS AND
FOR REPUBLICANS

OHIO

AN embattled editor of the *Christian Advocate* sounds the war cry for all right-thinking Ohioans:

Nothing is more repugnant to the highest ideals of good taste, moral standards, and ethical business than the mercenary association of advertising for tobacco, beer, and other alcoholic liquors with the pictures of girls and women. The tobacco trade was the first to transgress and put cigarettes into the mouths of young girls, matrons, and grandmothers. The Liquor Control Board of Ohio has held to a standard of decency in refusing to permit advertising which showed lightly clad women drinking beer. One of the advertising agents boldly declared that the liquor business wanted women to drink beer, and vaunted artistic nudity as an element in securing their patronage. The clear-minded citizens of Ohio will agree with Mrs. Edith Patterson, of the Control Board, that all pictures of women

or children should be prohibited in beer and liquor advertising.

IN OTHER NEW UTOPIAS

ENGLAND

UPSURGE of literary erudition in the fox-hunting country, as noted in the want-ad columns of the *South Bucks Free Press*:

5000 books wanted by gentleman, for recently purchased country house, to fill library. Subject immaterial, but must be clean.

THE spirit of Old England is not yet dead, as revealed by a he-man writer to *Pearson's Weekly*:

I have a strong feeling that I want to live the life of "Tarzan," to live in the woods on my own. My friends can't believe me when I tell them that I have spent a Bank Holiday climbing trees. I tell them they will never understand.

To be swaying in the tree-tops in the dead of night is a thing I have experienced on no less than three occasions. My only regret is that I cannot live in the trees.

USSR

THE Associated Press correspondent in Moscow gleans a new note on the advance of love-life in the Freest Country on Earth:

Charged with kissing his sweetheart's hand, Peter Khrepko had to seek the intervention of Moscow today to get back into a technical school at Kizil Orda, Kazan Republic. He was accused of resurrecting feudal and aristocratic traditions by the director of the school and expelled. The girl, Serezhechina, was forced to "wash off all traces of the feudal-aristocratic gesture" from her hand.

THE STATE OF THE UNION

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

The State Can Do No Wrong

NOW that the campaign is ending, our citizens are presumably deciding whether to vote for Tweed-ledge or Tweedledum, and speculating on what is likely to happen to the country if either ticket wins. It was clear from the first that the campaign would boil down to the one old familiar issue, which is whether we shall be blackmailed for the next four years to support a horde of deserving Democrats or a horde of deserving Republicans. This is the only real issue that has existed in American politics since the Civil War, and it is the only one that exists now. Hence those who hold no material stake in this issue may well decide that it is all the same to them which ticket wins or loses, and all the same to the country whether they drop their vote in the ballot box or in the ash barrel.

The reason for this state of things is worth investigating. It lies in the popular idea of the moral character of government. In the old days the idea was that a king got his commission straight from God, and therefore he was exempt from the moral sanctions that were binding upon everybody else. The moral

character of his acts was not open to question by anyone. He might do whatever he liked — lie, steal, cheat, commit all sorts of oppressions, mayhems, adulteries, murders — and, as we say, get away with it under the special moral sanction that “the King can do no wrong”.

We have now pretty generally got rid of kings and substituted a system of parliaments and executives who administer what we call the State; and now the question is, what is the popular idea about the State? Are the parliaments and executives answerable to the moral standards set for other people, or have we the idea that they may do anything they like because they represent the State, or actually *are* the State for the time being, and can do no wrong?

In one view of this question, the State is a social agency set up by the people to safeguard their freedom and distribute justice. This is the republican view, according to the Declaration of Independence, which says that “to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men”, and says further that government derives its just powers, not from God, but from “the consent of the gov-

erned". In this view, obviously, the government may not do anything it likes; it is merely an agency with a clearly specified function, a definite job. It is not morally irresponsible; on the contrary, it is answerable to moral judgment, like any other social agency. Having been created by the people, it may not arrogate to itself any exemption from the ethical code of its creator. By consequence, those who administer the government may not do anything they like. There is no margin of permissible misconduct allowed them. They are merely agents, public servants, no more, no less. The President of the United States is precisely what the late Mr. Bryan said he is, "the people's hired man", and in the discharge of his specified duties he is open to judgment by exactly the same standards of integrity that we apply to the conduct of a bank manager or a train dispatcher, a butler or a housemaid.

In another view, however, the State is entirely dissociated from moral considerations. Like the old-time king, it stands alone, outside any ethical code, with no prescribed duty to anyone, and no responsibility but to itself; it is its own judge of its own acts. As Mussolini puts it, "The State embraces everything, and nothing has value outside the State. The State creates right." In this view, whatever the State disallows is wrong, because the State disallows it; and whatever the State allows is right, because the State allows it.

There is no other criterion of right and wrong but the approval or disapproval of the State. There is no criterion of justice between man and man except the interest of the State. If what one man does to another affects the State favorably, it is just — even fraud, arson, theft, murder — and if unfavorably, it is unjust.

This is the old absolutist idea, expressed in a new formula, as against the republican idea. It merely transmogrifies the divine right of kings into the divine right of parliaments, executives, dictators. Hegel puts this plainly when he says that "the State incarnates the divine idea upon earth". Its essence is that the people exist to maintain and magnify the State. The republican idea is that the State exists to protect and prosper the people in their rights and liberties. Thus Fascism, Communism, Hitlerism, Stalinism, are all essentially the same thing. Their superficial differences amount to nothing more than catchwords and claptrap.

We have seen the progress of the absolutist idea in Europe, and we have perceived that the significant thing is that whereas formerly only the few who made up the "ruling classes" were penetrated by it, nowadays immense numbers of people are penetrated by it. Hence, as we see in the case of Spain, any disturbance of stability in the public order opens the way for any adventurer to come forward and establish himself by popular acceptance of any and every

act of crime that he may commit on the pretext of "assuring the position of the State". Thus after the French Revolution, a man of no name, no tradition, no habits, no character, no convictions, not even a Frenchman, made himself the State; that is, he made himself master of a people thoroughly impregnated with the absolutist idea, and by a course of inconceivable crime set Europe on fire from end to end. Thus again of late in Germany another, not even a German, assembles a horde of fanatics and desperadoes, and by sheer violence makes himself the State; thus in Italy another, a Socialist agitator and journalist, heads a mob of vicious lazzaroni in a march on Rome, and makes himself the State. Thus in Turkey, thus in Poland, thus in Hungary, thus in Portugal, and so on.

From all this we may see that the dangerous thing is not what actually happens here or there, but the general subversion of moral theory with respect to the State, for this subversion permits anything not only to happen but to be approved. Loose talk about "it can't happen here" is crudely superficial. Given a people thoroughly penetrated with the idea that the State may do anything it likes and can do no wrong, and anything inimical to the interest of the people can happen anywhere. It may not take place by force of arms, nor be attended by bloodshed and rapine; it may take place by normal and familiar processes of political chicane.

In this country, for example, the most exorbitant confiscations of public interest to "assure the position of the State" have lately been effected in this way. The danger is never in the overt acts, for they can be got over; it is in the ethical estimate of such acts as right and just.

As with the State, so with the political party. In the struggle to get control of the State's machinery, the most flagitious misdemeanors are divested of any moral character in the estimation of the public, on the ground that the party shares the moral exemptions accorded the State. Mendacity, duplicity, breach of trust, diversion of public money to party purposes, are accepted as acts having no moral quality. Moreover, as with the party, so with the candidate. The general view of the State as an amoral entity, inevitably and powerfully stimulates the ambition of the type of person who is best qualified, and also most eagerly disposed, to profit by it and presume upon it to the utmost. His party platform, his campaign promises, his pre-election agreements, his declarations of political principle, his expressions of deep solicitude, are accepted as a kind of ritual—really, as so many sign-boards reading, *Do not trust me*—and their prompt repudiation, when it comes, is not reprehended on moral grounds.

Finally as with the State, the party, and the candidate, so also with the elected incumbent. His election qual-

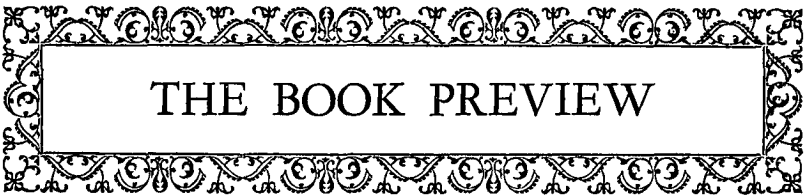
ifies him as a chartered libertine; his certificate of election is a letter of marque-and-reprisal, exempting him from all moral considerations in "assuring the position of the State"—that is, in assuring his own continuance and that of his party in control of the State's machinery. To promote this purpose he may do anything he likes without incurring any risk of collision with the public's moral sense; in certain circumstances, even, he may be assured of the most enthusiastic popular acclaim for acts which if committed in a private capacity would mark him forever as a knave and a dog. The only consideration he need take into account is "what the traffic will bear".

And here we come in sight of the question raised at the beginning of this paper. Whichever party wins, whichever candidate is elected, their measures will be taken, not for maintaining the liberties and security of the people, but for "assuring the position of the State"—that is to say, their own position—by every means consistent with what the traffic will bear; and the traffic will bear as much and no more from one party than from another, as much and no more from Mr. Roosevelt than from Mr. Landon, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Lemke, or Mr. Browder.

Four years ago the psychological condition of the country, the condition of disgraceful funk that took possession of the citizens, was so

demoralizing that the traffic would bear an unprecedented amount; and the most conspicuous lesson of that election was furnished by the alacrity displayed in what James Madison contemptuously called "the old trick of turning every contingency into a resource for accumulating force in the government". Mr. Roosevelt and his associates lost no time about "assuring the position of the State" with immense energy and by egregiously immoral means, quite as their opponents would have done in their place; the difference in results, if any, would have been a difference due only to superior ability and skill in managing those means. At present, the contingency is not so pressing, the people are not in a funk, and the traffic will not bear so much; but all the parties and candidates are quite alive to what it will bear, and whichever party wins the election may be confidently expected to conduct itself accordingly.

Therefore, the sum of the whole matter is that if and when the people of this country drop the neo-medieval conception of the State as an institution completely dissociated from morality, and adopt the republican conception expressed in the Declaration, the thoughtful and intelligent citizen may reasonably be expected to interest himself in the course of the nation's politics; but until then he may reasonably be expected to do nothing of the kind.



THE BOOK PREVIEW

In this department THE MERCURY will present each month an advance excerpt from an important book scheduled for early publication. This Work in Progress, both fiction and non-fiction, will be from the pens of distinguished American authors as well as from new writers of promise.

PORTRAIT OF MY FATHER

From Fighting Angel, to be published soon by John Day.

BY PEARL S. BUCK

WHEN Andrew's feet touched Chinese soil, he changed. Anyone seeing him in his own country would never have recognized him in China. In his own country he appeared a little ridiculous—a tall thin figure in ill-fitting garments made by a Chinese tailor, his prophetic head stooping on his gaunt shoulders, his eyes doubting and bewildered. On shipboard he appeared to smarter-looking passengers as the missionary of story books, absorbed in his mission, mingling with no one. Not that he cared what they thought of him! He came and went among them, oblivious. It did not occur to him, I think, that ship's passengers had souls. Certainly women had not. He saw their frivolities with strong disfavor. But then he was one man whom no woman could blandish.

I remember once on board ship he sat on deck reading a Chinese book, seeing nothing that was going on. It happened that a collection was being taken at the time among the passengers to buy prizes for some sports, and a committee of pretty women had been chosen to do the soliciting. Evidently they considered Andrew difficult. I saw them arguing among themselves, throwing glances in his direction, to which he was completely impervious.

Suddenly the prettiest and gayest said, boasting, "I'll do it! I've never had a man say no to me yet!" She sallied forth and putting on her very bewitching smile, she sat herself down on the arm of Andrew's chair, and began, coaxingly. What she said no one ever knew. For Andrew gave her a look like the wrath of God and strode down the deck, his coat tails flying.

But then he never looked at any woman. I used to complain to him that he never recognized my friends, and indeed that he passed his daughters on the street without speaking to them. To which he replied gently and firmly, "I never look a lady in the face. I consider it rude to do so."

By ridicule and contempt, he was totally unmoved, for the simple reason that it did not occur to him to consider what people thought of him. Had their laughter been pointed out to him, he would not have cared. "What can man do to me?" he used to say. The world was divided into those who would be saved and those who would not. Those who would not were already lost and not to be heeded as alive any more.

It must be confessed that into this latter category he put most white men and all white women. "They have the means of salvation," he used to say, "and they do not take it." He was thinking of the churches in every town and village in his country. But I think he felt about souls very much as some people are about eggs—he wanted them brown, and a brown one was worth any number of white ones. So far as I know he never endeavored to save the soul of a white man or woman, not even his own children.

So Andrew did not hear laughter or see ridicule. He was safe in the sanctuary of his own soul. But when he stepped upon the Chinese shore, he no longer had the air of a foreigner that he had in his own country. He was home again, not home in a physical sense so much as home in his place, in his work, in the fulfillment of life. Happiness was in his look, in the unwonted eagerness of his step and voice, in his impatience to be out of Shanghai and back in the interior, among the common people whom he had come to save. All the paternal instincts of his heart went out to those who were his flock. His children never felt that warmth, but it was there—any Chinese soul in search of God could feel that priestly fatherliness in Andrew. He could be as gentle, as persuasive, as brooding over a soul as any father over an earthly child. He went back to them gladly, and they gave him the honor he never found in his own country.

II

Since Andrew never stayed in established places, but was always pushing out into the new and unknown, he often found himself among hostile

people. The Chinese have always been distrustful of foreigners, not only foreigners from other countries but even people of their own nation from other provinces. This is perhaps because each village and town has maintained itself for centuries as a separate locality. There has been almost no government from above or outside, and the clan feeling is strong. In some places it was the usual custom to kill any stranger who came unexplained, by burying him alive. It was the common thing in a village, as it is today, to set the savage half-wild dogs upon newcomers. Andrew went on, doing no more than to carry a stout stick with which to beat off the dogs. And the dogs, soon discovering him to be unafraid and wary of their tricks at his heels, learned to leave him alone until he pushed on into stranger places. They are cowards, those dogs!

No one will ever know exactly what dangers he endured, because he never talked about them without a great deal of questioning and drawing out. Then in a few sentences he might tell a story that another would have made into a day's tale.

There was the time when he lay asleep upon the brick bed of an inn and awoke, conscious of a light, to find the innkeeper standing beside him, a bean-oil lamp flaming in his left hand and in his right a meat-chopper from the inn's kitchen. Andrew, opening his eyes, fixed them full upon the man's face and cried aloud to God.

"Deliver me, God!"

He spoke in English and the man grew afraid.

"What are you saying?" he asked.

"I am calling to my God," Andrew replied, never moving his steady blue eyes from the man's face.

The man lifted the meat-chopper firmly and brandished it. "Are you not afraid?" he shouted.

"No," said Andrew quietly. "Why should I be afraid? You can do no more than kill my body, and my God will punish you."

"How?" asked the man, pausing again.

"You will live in torment," said Andrew with such certainty that the man stared at him awhile and went muttering away at last.

"What did you do then?" we asked Andrew, breathless.

"I turned over and went to sleep," he replied.

"He might have come back!" we breathed.

"There was a guard over me," he said simply.

Once he was pushed from a crowded ferry boat into a river by a rough fellow who first cursed him, and finding him unmoved, jostled him and tripped him over. But Andrew came up out of the muddy water and caught

hold of the junk's rudder and held on. The crowd stared down at him, but not one offered him a hand. But he did not ask for a hand. He clung on until the river bank came under his feet and then he walked out, dripping wet, but imperturbable, to hunt for his box on the ferry boat. It was gone; the fellow had taken it.

The crowd laughed. "It was full of silver dollars," they cried. "All foreigners travel with boxes of silver dollars!"

Andrew smiled and went on his way content. His few silver dollars were safely in his pocket and the box had been full of tracts and gospel sheets. "God has ways for men," he said in telling of it, and was convinced that the man's soul would be saved.

More than once he was laid upon and beaten when he appeared unexpectedly in some strange town. They beat him, apparently, for no reason except that they had never seen anyone like him before, as dogs will set upon a strange dog they have not seen.

Once in the hills of Kiangsu he was taken by bandits and they asked him who he was. When he told them they let him go and gave him back his purse they had taken.

"We have heard of you in many places," they said simply. "You do good deeds."

Andrew, seeing them in such a mood, stayed awhile to preach to them and tell them the story of the robber who hung beside Christ on the cross and was received into heaven when he repented. He must have preached rather long, for some of the young ones grew restive, but the old bandit chieftain shouted at them — and Andrew told this himself with a grin — "Be still! Don't you see the man is trying to get to heaven by this task he has set himself to save our souls? We must help him by waiting until he is through."

So he compelled them to stay and Andrew gave them each copies of the gospel tracts he had written and came home in much triumph, confident forever after that he would meet some of those bandits in heaven. For, he argued, he had been sent to save them.

"Weren't you afraid?" we inquired of him.

There was, he admitted, a nasty moment when one of the young bandits had a knife at his stomach and was making unpleasant screwing motions. "But it was certainly very nice afterwards," he said. "They sat so nicely and listened — they were really very nice men, in spite of their unfortunate calling."

There was something puzzling about Andrew. He seemed sometimes almost a fool for naïveté. One could not be sure that he really understood the situation in which he found himself. But he was God's fool.

III

Some of the most redoubtable battles that Andrew ever fought were upon the Yangtse River steamers. They were small, stockily built vessels, for the most part built in England, and their polyglot crews were headed by blasphemous, roaring, red-faced old English captains who had rampaged along the Chinese coasts for years and had retired into the comparative safety of the river trade. Not one of those captains but was full of tales of the pirates of Bias Bay and of bandits along the shores of the river, and they all had one love and one hate. They loved Scotch whisky and hated all missionaries. Andrew was unmistakably and proudly a missionary, intrepid in independence, afraid of no man, and meat for any self-respecting captain. The fray usually began with some insult tossed out by the captain, for Andrew was always quiet and apparently gentle in his demeanor. The favorite insult had to do with the obscenity in the Bible. The captain would proclaim in a loud hearty voice to his mate, "Fact is, it beats me how these missionaries can hand around a book like the Bible. It's got more dirty stories in it than you can find in any other book. Corruptin' the heathen, that's what it is!"

A dark red would begin to creep up out of Andrew's collar.

"You seem to know certain parts of the Bible very well, Captain," he would remark.

"You can't deny it, can you?" the captain retorted.

Andrew, lifting his piercing blue eyes to the captain's face, replied with the immense tranquillity that we all feared when we heard it. "The Bible, it is true, has certain accounts of sinful men and how God dealt with them. They were punished for their sins. He who reads aright, reads to the salvation of his soul. But there are those who read to their own damnation." And he would help himself serenely to the inevitable rice pudding and stewed prunes of the ship's fare.

Sometimes the fight went no further than a snort from the captain. But if it went on, Andrew fought it to the end with great pleasure and without animosity. It was only in the very lean years a little later on that he escaped the duels with the river captains, and then because he could not afford to travel upstairs with other white people. We put on Chinese clothes and traveled below decks with the Chinese. Andrew took advantage of the enforced congregation then, and went among them with his tracts, preaching and talking. They listened to him willingly enough, those who were not smoking opium or gambling, because there was nothing to do. They listened, yawning aloud with boredom, as he told them fervently how

Christ died for their sins. They did not know what he meant by sins, or who this Man was who wanted to save them, or why He did. They stared, half-listening, dropping to sleep in grotesque attitudes upon the deck, where they sat leaning against their bundles.

As for me, beginning then to see and feel, to perceive without knowing, I can never forget the smells of those ships. For we were come into the lean years as early as my memory goes, and I remember the darkness of the square low-ceilinged saloons. They were always the same. At one side was the huge opium couch of wood and rattan with a long low table to divide it. There were always two drowsy figures outstretched, their lamps smoldering upon the table, and the thick foul sweetish fumes rising and creeping into every cranny. From the half-opened doors of the tiny cabins came the same smell, so that the close air seemed swimming with it.

Almost as large as the couch was a big round table upon which meals were served twice a day, but every moment otherwise it was used for gambling. Early in the morning the click and clatter of bamboo dominoes began, and it went on at night until dawn. The table was always crowded with players, their tense faces fierce with eagerness over the game. In the middle of the table was a pile of silver dollars which everyone watched covetously, closely, with terrible longing. The pile dwindled and grew, but occasionally it was swept away by a single lean dark hand. Then a strange growl went over the crowd of gamblers, and over the crowd of onlookers always pushing each other around the table. They would not have stopped even to eat except that the dirty stewards swept the dominoes ruthlessly to the floor and set the wooden buckets of rice upon the table and clapped down four or five bowls of cabbage and fish and meat, and bowls and bamboo chopsticks. In the same grim silence in which they had played they ate, bowl after bowl, searching in silence for the best bits of meat and vegetables. When the passengers were satisfied, the stewards and cabin boys, all dirty and all insolent, gobbled up the remains.

But Andrew was imperturbable. He took his bowl and filled it sparsely with rice and cabbage and went to the deck and stood eating, looking away from the grimy multitude, out to the smooth green banks of the river. He had a way of maintaining himself intact wherever he was, and people gave way to him in a sort of astonishment because he was continually in places where one did not expect to see such a figure as his, moving with dignity among the mean.

But he was always quite at home anywhere. No magnificence could awe him, nor any poverty daunt him. He slept peacefully in the small dirty upper berths of the vile little cabins. In the lower berth with Carrie (my mother)

I remember seeing his large bare feet protruding far beyond the end of the berth above. They were always too short for him, those berths, and he used to take turns resting his feet or his head, as he remarked, for he couldn't sleep both ends at once. But he never complained, having chosen what he wanted to do.

As for Carie, she spent her time keeping the children as antiseptic as possible with carbolic lotion, and watching that their possessions were not taken from them. For the river ships were full of professional thieves. When they became so great a pest that business was lessened because of them, the owners of the vessels paid the thieves' guild a certain sum of money to stay off the ships for awhile. But there were always some and they were very skillful at abstracting whatever they wanted. Once Andrew came back into the little cabin and Carie's sharp eyes spied an emptiness about his vest.

"Your watch is gone!" she exclaimed.

It was indeed, and a few minutes later when Andrew had need of his fountain pen, that was gone, too, and he felt for his purse and it was gone. While he had been out in the crowded saloon preaching, some clever-fingered thief, pressing close in apparent zeal to hear, had taken everything. Andrew looked stricken for a moment, especially over the pen, which was a gift and dearly prized and much used.

"Oh, pshaw!" he exclaimed.

It was as near as he ever came to "damn" and it meant the same thing and he always felt better after he had said it.

IV

On one long trip to the north, Andrew decided we were to settle in a certain city. But no one would rent decent accommodations to the foreign devils. The best that Andrew could do was to find three small rooms in an inn so poor that the opium-smoking landlord was willing, being hard-pressed by his hunger for the drug, to let us have them at a high rent, since he had no guests anyway. The rooms were earthen floored, and the windows were very small, mere holes in the mud walls. But once a roof of any sort was over his family's heads, Andrew let it go at that and hurried to his own business.

And now it seemed to him he had never had a greater opportunity. For hundreds of miles he was the only missionary, the only white man. There were no other denominations with their interfering teachings. He had to himself an area as large as the State of Texas, full of souls who had never

heard the Gospel. He was intoxicated with the magnificence of his opportunity.

But he had not come away alone. By now, wherever he went there were some who followed him, Chinese preachers who chose him and his ways. Chief among them always was the tall Mohammedan, Ma, whose Arab blood was so clear in his thin haughty face and in his proud bearing. With this man and the few others Andrew planned his new campaign. The field — he always called the area for which he felt himself responsible his field — was drawn out upon a map, and a certain part apportioned to each for surveying. For Andrew must always know the material aspects of his fields — how many walled cities there were, and how many souls lived within the walls, and how many temples there were and what religion they belonged to, and what the chief business of each city was, and whether people lived well or poorly. These walled cities were to be the centers. Then he must know how many walled villages there were, and how many market towns, and where the chief tea houses were where farmers from the lesser villages gathered after they had sold their produce and had time to linger and listen. His goal was a church in every walled city and a chapel in every market town. But there was never any force about this. He always used to say proudly, "I never established a church or a chapel in a place where people did not want it."

"How did you know whether they wanted it or not?" we asked him when we were old enough to be wicked.

"They always did want it after I talked to them and told them what it meant to refuse God," he said.

What Andrew never knew was that one religion more or less meant nothing to the people. There was always the possibility that there might be an extra god somewhere of whom they had not heard, and whom they should propitiate for benefit. To add a white man's god could do no harm. Buddha himself had been a foreigner, though black. It was only when Andrew preached boldly that his god was the one True God that hostility arose. It was when Andrew told men that they must leave the worship of ancestors in their family halls because to bow before a man was to give what belonged to his god only, that many went away and ceased to follow him. But Andrew was never daunted. He had the faith that those whom God had called would remain, and those not predestined to remain would go away, and he let them go, unmoved.

Nevertheless, Andrew at this time of his life certainly set himself to the winning of souls. For one thing, he put on Chinese garments and let his hair grow long and braided it into a queue. This was because his tall body

and his foreign looks were terrifying to country people. Sometimes when he went into a village, the whole population fled across the fields, leaving only the yellow dogs to bark at him. But he was never at home in Chinese robes. His long legs would get entangled and he grew impatient at once. "Oh pshaw!" he would mutter and tuck the robes into his girdle as a coolie does. The long hair was especially intolerable and after much groaning and endurance he cut it off and bought a false queue which Carie sewed firmly inside his round black satin Chinese cap. It was not a bad imitation and freed him from the outrageous business of combing tangles out of his hair — it was not a bad imitation until he took his cap off, as he did everywhere, and hung it up on the wall. Then the effect of the queue was odd, to say the least.

But the Chinese costume did not last long. The loose sleeves and flying skirts soon became intolerable. Andrew liked his clothes buttoned tightly about him, and above all, he liked them plain. The silks of a Chinese gentleman he would not wear because they were too fine, and the cotton clothes of a poor man were limp and hung so grotesquely upon his huge frame that Carie refused to let him wear them. So he went back to his own garments after a while.

Andrew hated anything pretentious or strange in apparel. He scorned mightily the robes of the professional priest; nothing infuriated him more than a bishop's costume and he particularly scorned a clerical collar. "Nobody knows where they button," he used to say. "They slip on like a halter, maybe." Then he would add, with a touch of characteristic grimness, "A man oughtn't to need a uniform to show he serves the Lord God. It ought to be apparent in all he says and does."

He stoutly refused to wear anything but a plain business suit. He did own a Prince Albert unwillingly bought for his wedding, and some of the rousing scenes between him and Carie were over the wearing of this coat. Carie sometimes won by coaxing and a touch of flattery.

"You're tall enough to wear a long coat, Andy. Tall men look so nice in them."

Andrew was more susceptible even than most men to a little flattery from Carie, and he more often than not capitulated, only to come home bitterly complaining of the discomfort of sitting on his tails.

"You shouldn't sit on them," said Carie. "Divide them, and sit between them."

But Andrew pshawed.

"I can't have my mind on such things in the presence of Almighty God," he retorted.

So the Prince Albert turned green with age and he would never buy another. Instead he went about obviously in the cheap suits the Chinese tailors made for him. Yet he had his own curious formalities. He would never take off his coat in the presence of a lady, or on the hottest day sit down coatless to a meal. Nor would he ever wear any but white shirts and stiff winged collars, always very clean. He never looked himself without those collars. If one caught him, collarless, wrapped in his dressing gown on his way down the hall to or from the bath, his neck rose a little too thin for the large and noble shaped head. It gave him a curious childlike and helpless look. One was glad to have him put the collar on again, because without it that childlikeness in him was exposed and he was somehow betrayed.

And he had that quality of childlikeness. He was always easily deceived. There was not a shred of shrewdness in him. He believed, for instance, everyone who came to him saying that he wanted to turn Christian. Andrew was incapable of distrusting any convert, or of questioning anyone who said he believed in the Lord Jesus Christ. It would have been to distrust Christ himself, for he thought one who believed was predestined to be saved, and he received each professing soul with a deep and touching confidence.

At a baptismal service, Andrew was an amazing experience for anyone who saw him. Four times a year he received converts. They gathered in the chosen center, coming in from all over the field, a small crowd of simple country folk for the most part, but with a scattering of townspeople and, rarely, one who looked learned or a man of place. Andrew did not receive them lightly nor baptize them at once. They stayed for as long as a week sometimes, while he taught them and examined them in their knowledge of the new religion. For weeks and even months before, his assistants had been teaching them, those who could not read, to read the simple tracts Andrew had prepared for them, the others the Scriptures themselves. When they came up for baptism, Andrew questioned each one carefully, both as to knowledge of the principles of Christianity and as to spiritual experience. Sometimes when ignorance was too blatant, he regretfully bade them go home and prepare further and come up again. But when there was earnest profession of belief, he received them. In the church, before the congregation, they came up, one by one, and he called their names, and dipped his fingers in the plain pottery bowl he held, and sprinkling their heads, he prayed, thanking God for every soul thus given to him.

The expressions upon the faces of the baptized varied from terror to hopefulness. Often there was the look of those who searched sincerely after

God. But as often there was the look of a smug and pious rogue. Nevertheless, Andrew received them all as precious, and after they were baptized, he gave them communion. What they thought of the whole proceeding varied according to the sincerity of their purpose. There were those who declared publicly, as soon as the water touched their heads, that they felt as if a stone had been taken away from the door of their hearts, and there were those who said privately that they felt nothing at all, and could notice no change in life whatever, and that it was a hoax.

But none of them mattered. What mattered was that on those days Andrew's soul touched ecstasy. He was literally transfigured with a joy not of this earth. He came home to Sunday dinner looking as though a lamp were burning brightly within him. He was not gay — his joy was too deep for that. He sat quietly, eating in his sparing way, not hearing anything that was said around the table, but there was a luminescence about him. I used to look at him and be sure I saw a pure pale light standing around him as though it came from his body. His eyes were particularly pellucid and blue. After dinner he invariably shut himself in his study for many hours, to emerge at last in a happy exhaustion.

V

Out of that new field the converts came in like homing birds. It was a poverty-stricken region, plagued by famine, for the Yellow River wound its willful way through those plains, shifting its bed, drying up one course to flood another. The people were angry with their own gods and weary with suffering, and one heard it often said, "No god can be worse than ours! Let us try the foreign god and see if any good comes of it!"

Some good came to a few, for Andrew and Carie got together food, begging money from home and the home churches, and relieving what distress they could. The people, eagerly hoping for far more than was in Andrew's power to give, crowded into the chapels, clamoring to be saved. When they found there could not be enough for all, many went out again, and yet some stayed, so that Andrew was greatly encouraged.

He was away from home continually, preaching and teaching. With him went his band of followers, whom he was training into a Chinese clergy. In each center as it was established he put a trained man to preach and to conduct a school. For Andrew loved learning, and wherever he put a church he put a school, too, where for a small sum the children of church members or any others could come and learn to read and write and be taught the principles of the Christian religion. If for reading they read the

classics of Confucius, it did not disturb him. There was a magic in the Scriptures which could not be overcome by heathen literature. Thus he believed.

In the midst of all this success and growth he was struck a blow. It came from a point at which he could least have expected it. He came home one day from a long preaching tour. It was early Spring and he had been away many weeks. Now he felt he had earned a week at home. It had been a wonderfully good tour. Everywhere he had been heard eagerly, and many had wanted baptism. Now, happy to his heart's core, filled with the knowledge of success in the work and of the consciousness of God's blessing, he let himself think of the pleasure of a hot bath and a clean bed, of good food, of the pleasure of speaking his own tongue — it had been long since he had heard or spoken English — and of seeing his family. He deserved a holiday — he could enjoy one for a little while without a sense of guilt.

But when he entered the courtyard of the inn and got down from his donkey, there was his wife waiting for him — not only his wife, but the three children and the children's nurse. They were dressed for travel, and all the household goods were packed into loads ready to be carried by waiting men.

"Why — why —" Andrew gasped, "what does this mean, Carrie?"

"It means," she replied, "that I and the children are going to find a place where we can live. You can preach from Peking to Canton, but I and these little children will never go with you any more."

I know that speech of hers by heart, because she said it to me so many times in telling it. And she knew it by heart because she had said it so many times in the weeks that Andrew had been away. She said it over and over when she was nursing the baby through pneumonia, with the water flooding into the rooms so that the furniture had to be put up on bricks and they walked about on planks laid like gangways from room to room. Hers had not been the joy of saving souls and preaching to the crowding multitudes. Bit by bit she had saved one life, the small life of her baby son — if indeed she had saved it, because he was still so frail.

I do not know exactly what took place there in that courtyard. Andrew always looked grim when he came to that point. "She was utterly beyond reason," he would say. For neither of them was it a struggle between a man and a woman. It was a woman defying God. She fought against God, against Andrew's call, against the success of his work, against the promise of the future.

"She did not care a whit for all the souls yet to be saved," Andrew said once in the bitterness of remembering. "She was like a wild wind — nothing could stop her."

In the end she won, as she had determined and planned to do. The rooms were emptied, the landlord paid, the carts engaged and waiting to take them to the junk already hired. She had closed every door behind her. Andrew need not come, she told him — she could go alone. But he went with her, bewildered, angry, protesting. He turned for a moment to his comrade, Ma, and hastily promised to come back the instant he could settle his family somewhere. But he was greatly shaken. From within his own home a blow had been struck at him. He never quite forgave Carie for it, and from that day he went more solitary than he had before.

VI

But then Andrew was born a solitary. He never had an intimate friend. When he was young he needed none. He had his dreams of escape from the labor he hated, and his plans for learning, and his mission. Even when he was married he had no thought of companionship, for he had not seen a woman companion to a man. Among men he heard a crude scorn of women as creatures full of notions and whimsies, necessary to man and to be respected only in the simple functions of mating and housekeeping, and this scorn was slacked only by the brief aberration of courtship, to be resumed once it was over. It did not occur to him to look for or desire intellectual companionship or spiritual understanding in a woman. Occasionally, it is true, a woman was misled by a certain benignity in Andrew's look and by the quiet certainty of his manner, and was drawn to him, and she made a sign to him of her interest. Nothing distressed Andrew more deeply or embarrassed him more profoundly. There was once at the breakfast table when, examining his mail, a look of shock spread over his face as he read a letter he had just opened. He handed it at once to Carie. She read it in a twinkling, her dark eyes firing with anger.

"The woman's a fool!" she said in her downright fashion. "You leave her to me — I'll answer that letter, Andrew!" She folded it and put it in her pocket. Then she glanced at him sharply. "You didn't go talking to her alone or anything like that to put ideas in her head?"

A clear sweat stood out on Andrew's high beautiful brow. He shook his head, too agitated to speak. Then he cleared his throat. "Wait a minute," he said hoarsely. "She asked me to talk with her a few minutes one night — I remember Mr. Jones was called out. She did not grasp fully the significance of St. Paul's conception of salvation by grace, and I explained it to her."

"And then she thanked you and said she had never understood it so well before!"

"How did you know?" he asked, amazed.

Carie gave her short musical laugh. "I know how women get around men — they always begin by wanting advice or something or wanting something explained. Don't bother any more about it. I'll attend to her."

Andrew finished his breakfast in silence and went away, at once relieved and slightly sheepish. Immediately after breakfast Carie sat down at her desk, and wrote swiftly for a few moments. "There!" she exclaimed, addressing an envelope. "Poor silly soul!" She laughed, restored to good humor. Then she added, "Of course I knew Andrew was as innocent as a lamb! But that's always the kind that gets taken in."

I don't believe she ever fully trusted Andrew about women because he was so guileless. When she lay on her deathbed, in her anguish and anger because she loved life, she said something bitter about his marrying again soon. And he came away, hurt. "She seems to think I'm — I'm — an old Abraham!" I heard him mutter down the hall. But it was not that. I think she knew she had never penetrated to that fastness of his heart where he lived alone, and so she was doubtful and wondered half sadly and half bitterly if perhaps another woman might enter where she had not.

What she never realized was that no one could enter there. Andrew did not know how to open the door to anyone. There were times as he grew older when he longed to have someone come in, when he hungered to feel someone close to him, but no one could come close, because he did not know how to let anyone. He kept his soul guarded and his heart closed. A caress, even from one of his children, abashed him, and he could not respond to it and so they ceased to give it. They were grown before they realized that he was secretly pleased by such a sign of affection, and that a word of praise or approbation made the very tears start to his eyes sometimes. But people did not praise him easily because he was too shy to praise others, too afraid of seeming fulsome. In that childhood home of his, there was much rude fun made among all of them, and only he was so sensitive as to brood over the thrusts and suffer. And then no one thought of praising anyone. It would result in sinful conceit. So he grew up with a tongue that could criticize but could not, whatever the impulse of his heart, shape itself to the softness of praise. When his children were little they did not love him for this, but when they grew up and he was an old man, with the transparencies of old age, they saw that under a different and kinder creed this soul would have flowered into a mellow humor and a freer kindness. There was the love of kindness there, and the craving that a child has for affection and understanding. But none of this could he express. And so he went his solitary way. But God comforted him.

THE LIBRARY

The Man Who Shook the Earth

BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

GENGHIS KHAN, by Ralph Fox.
\$3.00. *Harcourt, Brace.*

MORE years ago than I care to think about, I had a history teacher at the University of Texas who said, coldly, that the decisive events in the progress of mankind come to pass through the slow ferment of mass movements, in which the individual is nothing. I remember him as a brash young savant, a Yankee from the fabulous New England region, whose smart English clothes and Clapp brogues violated the academic tradition of crumpled coats and dandruff. Moreover, he smoked a pipe on the campus. Your Caesars and Napoleons, he said also, were chance fellows, thrown to the top by unimagined deep convulsions; riding fortuitously upon tides they did nothing to evoke, and rarely anything effective to direct. And he said further that such gaudy chaps win their places only by ability to color their personalities from the significance of contemporary occurrences. I recall that his lectures were extremely able and profoundly dull.

In the lofty altitudes of thought, the weight of opinion is on his side. An adroit short story last year considered the career of a Major Bournaparte, Royal French Artillery, born, for the purposes of the author, a generation earlier than the celebrated soldier and dictator whose name is loud in history. The Major, this story goes, drags out his last years upon the retired list and dies of a belly-complaint without the alleviations of glory. By the same concept, godlike Alexander of Macedon was an intercontinental gangster raiding from the Euxine Sea to the River Indus, who perished young through camp fever and dietary excesses. If it hadn't been Caesar or Mohammed or George Washington, this thesis proceeds, it would have been somebody else about the same time.

Such reasoning, sound or not, is discouraging to morale. A man likes to think that, if he throws his weight about, he can make himself felt by his day and generation. Every Man a King, as the late Sage of Louisiana so felicitously stated it. It is a very human urge; and if aspiration is in-

formed with energy, average ability, and luck, the resulting career sometimes offers material for the narrators, however chillingly the high priesthood of history may regard it. The masters, following the austere methods of clinical research, deduce from studies of atmospheric and economic phenomena that a succession of dry cycles in Central Asia resulted in a mass migration eastward of the Turanian peoples indigenous to those parts; which migration, impacted upon the Roman Empire through a period marked by unsound fiscal policies and imperfect provincial administration, brought about the social and political collapse of the Western European structure. Lost somewhere in their profound and closely reasoned paragraphs, there may or may not be a footnote on a military episode at Chalons-sur-Marne, romantically called the Battle of the Nations. The common man prefers to believe that there was a Hunnish chief, Attila, who had a flame in his heart, and shook the world; and snatched the finest women of two continents for his amusement. Thus there are two persuasions: if your spectacles gleam over dry facts, you follow the one; but if your blood goes a little faster in contemplation of a man who sets himself to master his circumstances, and masters them by sweat and suffering and tears, knowing beauty and pity and terror in the process, you will go with the other.

Genghis Khan, or, as the meticulous Mr. Ralph Fox advises, Temujin, the Genghis Khan, is a man whose acts were primarily recorded by his enemies and victims, Chinese, Persian, and Russian. The Mongols of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries had not yet reduced their jargon to writing, and their first written chronicles date from two hundred years after him. In this, as in other details, Genghis resembles Hannibal, a soldier known solely through the reports of Roman scribes whose grandfathers he frightened nearly to death.

They were shivering Persian and Kin Dynasty clerks who took down the basic facts, after everything touching Genghis had come to be of interest. They relate that, deep in Central Asia, where the land has the immensity of the ocean, and the names of the rivers — Onon, Amur, Selenga, Ingoda, Kerulen — lend themselves to barbaric chanting, there lived a local chief named Yesugei-Bagatur, eighth in descent from the Ancestor Budantzar, that miraculous get of a blue wolf on a Mongol widow. Yesugei, following the custom of well-thought-of young Mongols, stole the girl Hoelun from his neighbors the Merkit, and in the year 1155, in a yurt on the Onon River, Hoelun was delivered of a fine long-boned boy, Temujin. There was a clot of blood in the baby's hand, and from this, shamans and midwives deduced the gravest omens.

Temujin arrived at his maturity through much obscure violence, no way distinguished above scores of small headmen in similar circumstances, except that his luck was uniformly bad. His enemies hunted him over the prairies like his ancestor the wolf. It is recorded that he was reduced, at times, to snaring and eating field mice. When he took a wife, Bortei, she brought a good sable coat as her dowry: first considerable possession of the man who was, quite literally, to possess the world. But while Bortei was still a bride, some enterprising bandits chased Temujin out of his own camp and ran off with her. Her first child was fathered, not by Temujin, but by the wrestler Chilger: this boy was Juchi, who raided Europe. Bortei was returned to him through diplomacy, for he was not yet strong enough to fight.

Temujin was fifty years old before he came to the surface. By that time, the opening years of the thirteenth century, he had a certain local reputation for generosity to friends and implacable hatred towards enemies: and the impressive thing was that he had already collected and bound to himself a few of those extraordinary men who were destined to be his great marshals and impose his will upon the nations. From his disastrous years, his character had emerged iron-hard, armored with the sharp wisdom of adversity and the understanding of human motive and capacity which is the reward of those who

study from beneath. In 1206, there was a *kuriltai*, or convention, of Mongol chiefs upon the Onon, and Genghis was chosen Khan. High among the decisive events of history, that *kuriltai*, says Mr. Fox.

Why Genghis was chosen we do not know: he was a great intriguer, one contemporary is reported to have said. For lording and ruling, he is above them all, they quote another. Mr. Fox concludes "there was something merciless and fierce in Genghis that was different from the ordinary cruelty of the nomad life", and perhaps he is right. It is certain that Genghis immediately began to extend the principles upon which he had organized his own small following, until they covered all of the tribes that paid him allegiance. His system was feudal, and the interesting feature was that he broke up, deliberately and effectively, clan and tribal loyalties. The entire groupment was oriented on him, personally. From him would flow hereafter all honor and reward, all disgrace and punishment. His rewards were lavish, his anger terrible and unrelenting. He was no longer young, no longer given to impulse. He had a horned soul.

The Mongols were people without cities, industries, boundaries, or culture as we know it. They had neither coinages nor codes. Their religion was a kind of uninformed devil worship: Genghis himself prayed to the Eternal Blue Sky. Under the vast heavens of the bright and lonely

Mongol land, they drifted with the seasons and the grass. Their wealth was all in kind: you computed a man's substance in terms of sheep and camels and shaggy ponies. They were dependent on barter with the city dwellers to the south for nearly everything they used: even for their weapons. Their virtues were the stark virtues of the nomad and the pastoral: they were hardy and courageous and infinitely enduring. Otherwise, they were notable drunkards and gluttons and fiercely lustful. They were a filthy, verminous, shaman-ridden lot, as unattractive a set of conquerors as ever upset the world. Occasional khans before Genghis had managed to unite enough of them to disturb the Chinese and the Keriati empires; the defensive system we call the Great Wall was set up to hold them out of North China. But no feeling of racial destiny had ever been apparent among them.

In Genghis' time, conditions — here we get among the serious historians again — were ripe for unusual events. The two adjacent empires, Chinese and Khwarizmian, were torn by internal wars. Geographically, the Mongol area was situated on the northern leg of the great trade route that led from Constantinople to Ta Tu, which is modern Peiping. Dissensions along the route were upsetting the trade. Genghis' interest in the caravan routes was informed and purposeful. The mer-

chants were his intelligence agents, as well as his service of supply, and he realized in his acute nomad mind that trade was the life blood of empire.

He began in a small way with his enemies the Merkits: he destroyed them. He moved on to the next considerable principality, the kingdom of the Tanguts, the state of Hsi-Hsia, as you go towards China from the Mongolian plains: and he shattered it. In the year 1211, his cavalry broke like a cataclysm of nature into North China, the land of the Kin, the Golden Tartars.

Thereafter the thing is all of conquest, on a continental scale. He turned west, against the Khwarizmian Empire, a state that stretched from the Chinese Turkestan of today to the Indus, and to the Caspian and Aral Seas, from very ancient times the cradle of races. He destroyed it so thoroughly that the searchers of the records are in some doubt about what and where it actually was. And presently Christian peoples in Asia Minor, then in the Danube Basin, then in European Russia, and even into Poland, were tasting a cup of trembling more dreadful than the calamities of the Book of Revelations. The poet, as ever, strikes the most vivid chord:

Who are these that drive our men like wolves pursuing a flock of sheep to their pen? . . . They are the four hounds of my Temujin, fed on human flesh. He holds them on an iron

chain. These hounds have skulls of brass, their teeth are hewn from rock; their tongues are shaped like awls, their hearts are of iron. In place of horsewhips they carry curved swords. They drink the dew and ride upon the wind. In battle they are fed on human flesh. Now they are unleashed from the chain. Their spittle runs, they are full of joy. These four hounds are Jebei, Kubilai, Jelmi, and Subodai. . . . Who is that behind, like a hungry kite straining forward? That is Temujin. . . .

An affrighted world beheld the most effective armies it had ever seen. Jebei-Noyon, Subodai, Muhuli, and several others, were very great soldiers. Even the sons of Genghis, Juchi, Holugai, Ogatai, were capable commanders. The old Kagan himself — his fifties and sixties were the years of his achievement — had the supreme military quality of carrying his maps in his mind: he could unroll Asia like a modern *plan directeur*, and move *Corps d'armée* in a line two hundred miles from flank to flank, over mountains and rivers, to an appointed rendezvous, and unite them for battle. The organization was in tens: from the squad of ten through company and battalion to the division of ten thousand under a *noyon*. They combined fire and movement in combat to a degree not yet conceived by Western captains. Every man was mounted, and carried the short strong Mongol bow. The iron-clad knights of Hungary and Russia — we have tactical details of these fights — drew them-

selves up in masses: successive waves of mounted bowmen fired arrows into these masses, killing men and wounding horses, until, in Napoleon's language, the battle was ripe. Then the Mongol heavy troops delivered their assault, and the light troops cut up the fugitives. They signalled from wing to wing by means of black and white flags: and the commander controlled his battle from first to last. They carried fast light siege trains, mangonels and ballista, for the reduction of cities. And they carried in their hands the most fatal of weapons, terror.

When Genghis came to die, in his last campaign against the south Chinese, his mandate ran from the Yellow Sea to the Danube. He died in August, 1227, at the age of 72. They buried him, after the Mongol fashion, in a place that no man knows.

Of those terrible men who, when they walk upon the earth, press out blood, Genghis was the greatest. Yet in his time a caravan of precious merchandise could travel unarmed from the Caspian Sea to Peking without fear of violence. He opened up the road between the East and the West, the road along which Alexander went only about half-way. He made possible for the first time a volume of world trade.

The details are written down, by Mr. Fox, and by others. Mr. Harold Lamb has sketched the tale, much

popularized. Sir H. Howorth is the first English authority. A Russian, Vladimirtsov, in a brief essay of 169 pages, has perhaps come nearer to capturing the vital essence of the Earth-shaker than anyone. Mr. Fox has presented the first part of his book, "The Mongols and Their World", excellently well. I feel the rest of his presentation inadequate to his theme. Yet I think his book worthwhile, for it awakens reflection on the mysterious processes of the human soul. One can account for the political situation of Central Asia in the early 1200's; China is torn today as it was then. One can understand the desire of the naked and necessitous nomad to go and loot his softer brother in the villages: he has always done it when he could. There

have been, before and after Genghis, capable barbarians with military genius and the instinct for organization.

But what made this illiterate pony herder, sired in a legend, bred up in the improbable hinterlands of High Tartary, go out from those lands as a force of nature goes out, to overwhelm ancient and authentic empires, the very existence of which was unknown to him a year before he tilted at them? What made him want to do it?

He has been seven hundred years dead on his mountain. Yet in those countries today the men who dwell in the felt tents are moving again, armed with modern weapons, and the name in the songs that they sing is the name of Genghis Khan.



THE CHECK LIST

★★★★ indicate a book of exceptional and lasting merit. ★★★ a distinguished and valuable work. ★★ a readable and engaging volume. ★ a fair performance. ☆ an unimpressive book, but with some minor characteristic of value. The absence of stars may be taken to mean the absence of merit.

BIOGRAPHY

★★★★ MY LIFE IN ARCHITECTURE, by Ralph Adams Cram. \$3.50. *Little, Brown*. The autobiography of America's most romantic medievalist who for over half a century has pursued, untiringly, his ideal of Gothic beauty in architecture. Mr. Cram writes with genuine stylistic felicity, and his story is interesting and illuminating from beginning to end.

★★★ AUDUBON, by Constance Rourke. \$3.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. Sympathetic and able study of an authentic genius, John James Audubon. Not as well known as he should be, he was a fine artist and a splendid human soul. Miss Rourke deserves well of the Republic for her work in the by-passes of Americana.

★★ BRAHMS, HIS LIFE AND WORK, by Karl Geiringer. \$4.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. The latest biography of the great German composer includes much hitherto unpublished material from the complete collection of Brahms' letters and from the annotated books and scores of the musician's own library.

★★ THE LIFE OF VICE-ADMIRAL BLIGH, by George Mackaness. \$5.00. *Farrar and Rinehart*. An impressive piece of biographical writing; but the author will find it hard to efface the impressions created by Drs. Nordhoff and Hall and the Hollywood school of research. It appears that the Admiral was a man of great force, to some extent the architect of his own misfortunes, but of a toughness of fiber unusual in the children of men.

★ METTERNICH, by H. du Coudray. \$4.00. *Yale University Press*. He outlasted the flaming Emperor: he was the triumph of dullness. And in this dull but instructive book, the reason is made plain.

ECONOMICS

★★ RICH LAND POOR LAND, by Stuart Chase. \$2.50. *Whittlesey House*. One of America's leading Fabians resumes his researches into what makes this country such a terrible place to live in. The book concerns the exploitation of natural resources. Excerpts from it will soon appear in the public utterances of Drs. Tugwell, Wallace, Ickes, *et al*.

★★ CAN INDUSTRY GOVERN ITSELF?, by O. W. Willcox. \$2.75. *Norton*. A sane book with much meat in it. The author thinks that industry could govern itself, and should, but so far, hasn't.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

★★★ **LABOR UNIONS AND THE PUBLIC**, by Walter Chambers. \$2.00. *Coward-McCann*. A factual exposé of how labor organizations, under the guise of saving the Down-trodden, mult the long-suffering public of millions yearly. Mr. Chambers strips the pretense from some of the Republic's leading rabble-rousers and radical messiahs.

★★★ **VITAL PEACE**, by Henry Wickham Steed. \$2.75. *Macmillan*. Mr. Steed is a distinguished gentleman whose opportunities for observation have been exceptional. His question is pertinent: when men say, peace, what do they mean by peace? If they want peace, they can have it, provided they are willing to pay the price.

★★ **WHO OWNS AMERICA?** Edited by Herbert Agar and Allen Tate. \$3.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. A symposium in high praise of Jeffersonian democracy, representing the opinions of nineteen men who condemn American capitalism as it exists today, but have nothing but confused daydreams to offer in its stead.

WASHINGTON JITTERS, by Dalton Trumbo. \$2.00. *Knopf*. New Deal Washington studied from the life: but the author's stunt doesn't quite come off.

FICTION

★★★★ **THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN**, by Martha Gellhorn. \$2.50. *Morrow*. Eight little stories, two of the eight unforgettable, about out-of-luck people. The preface is by H. G. Wells, but the stories stand on their own legs.

★★★ **SHOCKS**, by Algernon Blackwood. \$2.50. *Dutton*. Fourteen stories of horror and mystery, by the old master of those departments. He is a little tired and boils old bones, but the craftsmanship and skill rate as high as ever.

★★★ **THE ENCHANTED VOYAGE**, by Robert Nathan. \$2.00. *Knopf*. A modern morality story, charmingly written, relating the adventures of a Brooklyn carpenter who embarks on a boat on wheels and searches for the satisfying life.

★★★ **GREENGATES**, by R. C. Sherrieff. \$2.50. *Stokes*. A sympathetic and readable novel concerning the fortunes of an English bank clerk and his wife.

★★★ **CARRY-OVER**, by Ruth Suckow. \$2.50. *Farrar & Rinehart*. An omnibus including "Country People", "The Bonney Family", and sixteen short stories. A solid cross-section of middle-class American life, presented in unflagging English prose.

★★★ **MARIANNE IN INDIA**, by Lion Feuchtwanger. \$2.00. *Viking Press*. In spite of its heavy quality, this collection of short stories gives further evidence of the German writer's craftsmanship. The style is certainly not stimulating, but serves as an admirable vehicle for the author's faithfulness of expression.

★★★ **THREE BAGS FULL**, by Roger Burlingame. \$3.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. The settlement of middle New York State by the Dutch and the "Yankees" provides an engaging background for this authentic story. Despite certain tedious details of family history, the vitality of the major characters is sustained throughout.

★★★ SUMMER WILL SHOW, by Sylvia Townsend Warner. \$2.50. *Viking Press*. Against the colorful background of revolutionary Paris in 1848, Miss Warner tells an intensely interesting story of a typical Englishwoman who, coming to France to reclaim a bourgeois husband she has discarded, gets involved in a kind of existence she has never known, and becomes happy and active for the first time in her life.

★★ EVER THE WINDS BLOW, by Elliot Merrick, \$2.50. *Scribners*. A nearly successful attempt at a one-character novel. The author describes with pains the development of his hero from babyhood to maturity. But the exposition is laborious, while the infrequent spurts of literary feeling betray only the author's badly digested influences.

★ DOWN COME THE TREES, by Anthony Thorne. \$2.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. A facile, slightly glum book, marred by its air of pseudo-symbolism. The mechanical modern world is pitted, in the author's conception, against the primeval forces of nature.

★ NO LETTERS FOR THE DEAD, by Gale Wilhelm. \$2.00. *Random House*. A series of rapidly moving incidents entangling a prostitute and her imprisoned lover in a maze of unnatural realism. Interesting as an experiment in narrative technique.

CATALOGUE, by George Milburn. \$2.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. Lechery and the workings of the mail-order business in the State of Oklahoma.

POETRY

★★★★ MASTERPIECES OF JAPANESE POETRY, ANCIENT AND MODERN. Translated and annotated by Miyamori Asataro. *Maruzen Company*, Tokio. Two volumes (more than 800 pages) constituting an unusually comprehensive anthology. In each case the original is given with a literal prose translation followed by various English paraphrases, rhymed and unrhymed; invaluable for students.

★★★ POEMS 1911-1936, by John Hall Wheelock. \$2.50. *Scribners*. A large selection from six volumes, as well as a group of new poems, by one whose début with *The Human Fantasy* was the poetic event of 1911. The language is muscular, meditative, and always musical.

★★★ ADAM AND EVE AND THE CITY, by William Carlos Williams. \$5.00. *Alcestis Press*. A limited edition (167 copies) of poems distinguished by their "anti-poetic" revulsion against rhetoric, their almost strained simplicity, which is often a false naïveté, and their stripped diction. Beautifully designed and printed by Vrest Orton.

★★★ SELECTED POEMS OF T. A. DALY. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. An engaging selection of 180 of Daly's readable and popular verses in all the dialects (including English) he has tried with gusto and success.

★★ SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS, by Audrey Wurdemann. \$2.00. *Harpers*. Pleasant but unimportant verse by the Pulitzer Prize winner of 1935.

THE HUMAN ABSTRACT, by Alice Very. \$1.25. *Bruce Humphries*. Colorless ideas and commonplace rhymes by a niece of Jones Very, a forgotten metaphysician, one of the least-known but quaintest of the old New England poets.

THE QUEST ETERNAL, by Brajendranath Seal. \$2.00. *Oxford Press*. Sixteen hundred lines of cosmic cloudiness, purple transfigurations, and soulful ventriloquism in the "All-Beyond".

HISTORY

★★★★★ A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY, by Dudley W. Knox. \$5.00. *Putnam*. A sound and scholarly record, by an officer of distinguished professional attainments, now in charge of our Naval Archives. There has been a need for a comprehensive and authoritative presentation of the services of the Navy to the nation, in its expansion from the strip of Atlantic seaboard colonies to the world power of today. Captain Knox meets that requirement competently. The maps and charts are adequate, the illustrations well-chosen, and the documentation sufficient. A very timely and valuable book.

★★★★ JEFFERSON IN POWER: THE DEATH-STRUGGLE OF THE FEDERALISTS, by Claude G. Bowers. \$3.75. *Houghton Mifflin*. The amount of work and craftsmanship that has gone into this volume compels respect. Whatever the public prints may have noted on H.E. the Ambassador's reluctance to observe history in the making, there is no doubt as to his aptitude for dramatizing it after it is safely laid into the archives. His Jefferson lives and breathes, and his issues are as hot and strident as they are in this morning's papers. The last chapter is an exceptionally fine piece of writing.

★★★ ANCIENT LIFE IN MEXICO AND CENTRAL AMERICA, by Edgar L. Hewett. \$4.00. *Bobbs-Merrill*. An interpretation of the Indian race in terms of Indian culture, which is a very different thing from interpretation in terms of European civilization. Mr. Hewett deals sensibly and graphically with life in the Middle Americas before the Spaniards came. Especially interesting is the intimation that important revelations await the archeologist beneath the hitherto-unexamined *pedregals* of the Mexican plateau.

★★ HENRY CLAY AND THE WHIG PARTY, by George Rawlings Poage. \$3.50. *Chapel Hill*. Mr. Poage and the University of North Carolina Press add another valuable item to the intimate history of the Republic. They took their politics in those days with a gusto that the Machine Age has lost.

★ A RIDER OF THE CHEROKEE STRIP, by Evan G. Barnard. \$2.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. The Southwest as it was not long ago. Three-fourths of our citizenry today are as far removed from the Indian Territory of Mr. Barnard's time as they are from the England of Robin Hood and Richard the Lion-hearted. And it is a pity.

★ SWISH OF THE KRIS, by Vic Hurley. \$3.00. *Dutton*. Sanguinary history of the Moros, a people addicted to blood-letting, who gave the Spaniards much trouble; and with whom we have notably failed to keep faith. Recommended reading for Dr. Quezon; but his Philippine Conscript Fathers will soon be getting first-hand reports on the matter.

MISCELLANEOUS

★★★★★ THE FLOWERING OF NEW ENGLAND, by Van Wyck Brooks. \$4.00. *Dutton*. A truly distinguished, critical exposition of the beginnings of American culture. Immensely readable, scholarly, and inspiring.

★★★★ DRAMATIS PERSONAE, by W. B. Yeats. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. In this fascinating and beautifully written volume, Yeats describes the birth-pains of the Irish National Theater, and adds a few more grotesque strokes to his portraits of Irish contemporaries, including George Moore and Edward Martyn. The book increases one's conviction that Yeats the Artist casts more of a shadow than Yeats the Man.

★★★★ EXCUSE IT, PLEASE!, by Cornelia Otis Skinner. \$2.00. *Dodd, Mead*. Many people can write solemn and stupid books. But only a few have the gift of laughter, and this gracious lady is one of them.

★★★★ WAS COLLEGE WORTH WHILE?, by John R. Tunis. \$2.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. Thoughtful and thought-provoking investigation of the careers — or lack of careers — of Harvard, 1911. The moral would seem to be: you get nothing vital out of college that you didn't have when you went there. Persons who feel that the American system of education is imperfect will like this book immensely.

★★★ THE LAST LANDFALL, by Desmond Malone. \$2.75. *Doubleday, Doran*. Mr. Malone has the wanderlust; has always had it. With a fine, easy-flowing talent, he tells the story of his rambles across the world, including some unusual war experiences.

★★★ THE DEVIL THEORY OF WAR, by Charles A. Beard. \$1.50. *Vanguard*. War, Dr. Beard insists, is not the work of a demon. It may have any number of natural human causes — including the earnest pursuit of peace. A brief but provocative analysis.

★★★ PACIFIC ADVENTURE, by Willard Price. \$3.00. *John Day*. The author searched for the fabled fortifications through the islands of the sea where the Japanese mandate runs. He found none; but the Japanese are there to stay. An honest book, soothing to excitable people who view the situation in those parts with alarm.

★★★ MEDICINE AND MANKIND, edited by Iago Galdston. \$2.00. *Appleton-Century*. Dr. Galdston has collected some of the most interesting lectures delivered recently before the New York Academy of Medicine, in an effort to reveal to the layman the influences at work upon the professional medical mind.

★★★ THE THEATER OF THE MOMENT, by George Jean Nathan. \$2.50. *Knopf*. First-rate dramatic criticism; but also some rather amateurish flapdoodle — for instance, the chapter on Hecht and MacArthur.

★★★ ESSAYS ANCIENT AND MODERN, by T. S. Eliot. \$2.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. Mostly a new collection of old essays, some of which have been printed already as many as four times. The fresh material consists of rhetorical praises of Catholicism.

★★★ ESSAYS IN APPRECIATION, by John Livingston Lowes. \$2.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. Erudite essays on Chaucer, Bunyan, the Bible, and the poetry of Hardy, Meredith, and Amy Lowell. Strictly in the academic manner.

★★★ A GUIDE TO PHILOSOPHY, by C. E. M. Joad. \$2.50. *Random House*. A very sketchy survey of philosophy, written for those who have little acquaintance with the subject. Schopenhauer and Nietzsche are, apparently, beneath the author's notice, while the treatment of contemporary philosophy is painfully inadequate.

★★★ RUBBER, by Howard and Ralph Wolf. \$4.25. *Covici-Friede*. Two social-minded authors have written in moving language the history of one of the world's greatest industries. Their only error is the familiar one of blaming the Capitalist Bosses for most of the sins of humanity.

★★ THE CRIME AND THE CRIMINAL, by Dudley W. Shoenfeld, M.D. \$3.50. *Covici-Friede*. Exhaustive analyses of the testimony, and some of the characters, in the case of Bruno Richard Hauptmann, which closed in New Jersey the night of the annual Dutch Treat Club Dinner, last April. Very informing, if you like that sort of thing. But the good Doctor thinks it was not sufficiently studied. There is an index and an epilogue.

★ WORLD OF ART, by Eugen Neuhaus. \$3.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. A man who would try to deal with this subject in one volume of 292 pages would try anything. But it turns out to be an able summation of fundamentals.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

MARGARET E. BAILEY (*Retirement from Office*) is the author of a book of verse, *White Christmas* (Putnam). BLAIR BOLLES (*Resettling America*) is a member of the editorial staff of the *Washington Star*. PEARL S. BUCK (*Portrait of My Father*) will be represented on the Fall fiction lists with the new novel, *Fighting Angel* (John Day). ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN (*Barn Swallows*) is the winner of this year's Pulitzer Prize in poetry. EILEEN HALL (*Healing*) resides in New York City and contributes verse to various magazines. SARA HENDERSON HAY (*The Gossip*) is a young writer of Anniston, Alabama. DELLA T. LUTES (*Are Neighbors Necessary?*) is an ex-editor who has written articles for many magazines. TED OLSON (*Soliloquy in Late Autumn*) is a Wyoming poet and newspaperman. CHANNING POLLOCK (*America Doesn't Give a Damn*), the well-known author, dramatist, and critic, is a resident of Shoreham, Long Island. FLETCHER PRATT (*The Consumer Sees Red*) is a prolific writer of books on a variety of subjects. HARRISON REEVES (*The Birth Control Industry*) is a New Yorker who writes for various magazines. DONALD R. RICHBERG (*Enemies of the New Deal*), formerly general counsel to the NRA, now practices law in Chicago. NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT (*Franklin Delano Roosevelt*) is an editorial writer on the staff of the *New York Herald-Tribune*. RAY SPRIGLE (*Lord Guffey of Pennsylvania*) is a member of the editorial staff of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*. BENEDICT THIELEN (*Till Death Do Us Part*) is the author of *Women in the Sun* (Bobbs-Merrill). JOHN R. TUNIS (*More Pay for College Football Stars*), the well-known sports authority, recently published *Was College Worthwhile?* (Harcourt, Brace). C. M. WEBSTER (*French in One Easy Lesson*) is an ex-schoolteacher and the author of *Puritans At Home* (Harcourt, Brace). DANE YORKE (*New England Goes Spendthrift*) has retired from business to live in Maine.



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*Recorded
MUSIC*

BY IRVING KOLODIN

As the second in its series of release from the now-departed Arturo Toscanini, Victor has brought forth the Maestro's performance of the Beethoven Seventh Symphony. (RCA-Victor, five 12-inch records, \$10.) When the musical history of our times is written, it is likely that these records will comprise Exhibit No. 1 in support of the present adulation for the great Italian. They are free of the irritating mechanical shortcomings of the Wagner album — the ill-chosen points of separation, the annoying waits for the music to begin after the needle starts tracking — and they also represent his convictions about a complete musical work, rather than several short excerpts from longer scores. The performance abounds in the exuberant physical energy which is a characteristic element of Toscanini's conducting, and is unceasingly interesting for its quest of the musical essence of each phrase and measure. The playing by the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra is excellent, but the recording more brilliant than necessary.

Bending an appreciative eye to the need for a new version of the Brahms Second Symphony, Columbia delegate the task to Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic, although Sir Thomas has never previously recorded a Brahms symphony. Such evidences of that fact as these records contain are wholly favorable ones, however; for the performance is gratefully free of the lingering on juicy passages or emphasis on the obvious which seems inevitably associated with Brahms interpretation. In other words, it is an honest performance.



RECORDED MUSIC

ance, devoid of special pleading. The London Philharmonic does little to enhance its reputation in these records; though the general quality of the tone is excellent, there are occasional lapses from unanimity surprising in so capable an organization. Columbia deserves a vote of thanks not only for the well-balanced and sonorous reproduction, but also for compressing the symphony onto ten sides, in place of the eleven and twelve thought necessary by other companies. (Columbia, five 12-inch records, \$10.)

Few things would seem less likely to be offered by the phonograph than a virtually complete performance of Gluck's *Orfeo*. From France, however, has been imported a version directed by Henri Tomasi and performed by Alice Raveau (*Orfeo*), Germaine Feraldy (*Eurydice*), and Jany Delille (*L'Amour*), with the D'Alexis Vlassoff Russian Choir and the Orchestre Symphonique. (Columbia, eight 12-inch records, \$16.) Both the singing of Mme. Raveau and the conducting of M. Tomasi are excellent, as is the recording; the other elements of the performance are less good, but the set as a whole is an invaluable addition to any library of records. Also worthy of attention among the month's albums is the E flat piano concerto of Mozart (Köchel 482), with Edwin Fischer as the pianist and John Barbiroli conducting a chamber orchestra. Fischer remains elusive so far as personal appearances in America are concerned, but he obviously is one of the great pianists of the day. The work is another of the eight or ten scores which one is tempted to call "Mozart's best piano concerto". It is most considerately treated in this version. (RCA-Victor, four 12-inch records, \$8.)

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RECORDS



THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from front advertising section, p. xiv)

city of Wintoncester, that fine old city, aforetime capital of Wessex"—i.e., WINCHESTER. "Upon . . . the tower a tall staff was fixed. . . . Something moved slowly UP the staff. . . . It was a black flag."

(4) Mr. Ford states: "No one could have persuaded him to alter a word" of his poems. But people did persuade him to do just that! Mr. Ford has apparently never troubled to compare early versions of the poems with the text of the latest *Collected Poems*. Such a comparison will provide abundant evidence as to Hardy's readiness to revise his poems. He altered his lines again and again. Read Vere H. Collins' *Talks with Thomas Hardy*.

CARL J. WEBER

Waterville, Me.

MR. FORD REPLIES

SIR: Mr. Carl J. Weber and I stand at opposite poles of the Universe. There is really room for both of us. I write for the reader already educated; he for the instruction of the ignorant.

As for his paragraph 1, I cannot see where he differs from or corrects me. I say: "At the pressing instance of his bride-to-be, he had launched out into the occupation of the commercial novelist"; Mr. Weber puts it: "She (his bride-to-be) urged him to 'adhere to authorship'". . . . If it is wrong not to write like Mr. Carl J. Weber, then I am wrong. But alas, *dis aliter visum!*

I pay your readers the compliment of believing that they know a little about novel-writing and life. I took it, that is to say, that your readers could work out for themselves that before Miss Gifford could have "urged" Mr.

Hardy "to adhere", he must have given some beginner's proof that he could, let us say, wield a pen. He was a practicing architect making a modest living by restoring churches; he wrote some unimportant pieces on the side. . . . Almost anyone who knows anything or has given the remotest thought to the literary career, knows that that is the sort of thing that happens in the case of almost every novelist. He writes pieces on the side till he has courage to earn his living by his pen. There was neither need nor space for me to say so.

Mr. Weber's (2). Mr. Hardy told me that he began revising *Jude* before the version for serial publication began to run. "Years" is the colloquial expression that he used. If Mr. Weber will re-read the Official Biography—which I did for the purposes of the article—he will see that Mr. Hardy must have begun his revision very early. . . . Or, if Mr. Weber has ever to revise a very long novel, he will find that a sedulous revision lasting nine months may well in the retrospect seem a matter of years. He will then feel prostrate for a long time. But to cure mental prostration, one goes precisely to dances and gives teas. One desires to forget the stress and torture through which one has lately passed.

Mr. Weber's (3). I am afraid Mr. Weber has me there . . . but he also has Mr. Hardy. You cannot see Winchester from Stonehenge; you can see Salisbury Spire from quite close to that monument. I have described it several times myself. I confess to having read *Tess* carelessly. It is a book I don't like and find painful to read. So I took it that Mr. Hardy knew what he was

(Continued on page xxii)

“Communism can never flourish in America!”

says Everett Dean Martin

“Communism is on its way!”

says Earl Browder

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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page xx)

writing about and meant Salisbury by Wincanton. I suppose the black flag to have come down. Or is it still flying?

Mr. Weber's (4). Mr. Hardy told me succinctly and in so many words that no one could have persuaded him to change a word of his poems. This was in connection with the *Cornhill Magazine's* having refused to publish *A Sunday Morning Tragedy* unless he would make changes in the poem. He may have meant "no editor" ever persuaded him, but he said "no one" . . . and with considerable force of expression. The general sense of his conversation at that date was to the effect that he did not care who made suggestions for altering his novels, but you would have to look out before you dared to do as much for his poetry. Of course, that did not mean that he would punch his own head if he made alterations himself. . . . Which is all that Mr. Weber proves by pointing out that the first published drafts of Mr. Hardy's poems differed from the final versions.

The fact is, sir, that as I sufficiently announced to you before writing this series of articles, I have been trying—to the measure of the light vouchsafed me—to preserve the memories of a body of men to whom I, as must be evident, was much attached . . . but to preserve them as I saw them, not as Mr. Weber deduces them from Official Biographies. The Carl J. Webers of this world are all most honorable men and I hope they may all die rectors of Heidelberg, Jena, or Goettingen Universities.

But you know, sir, as well as do all of your educated readers, what takes place after the physical dissolution of a distinguished writer. For a year or so

his publishers flog the sales of his collected editions and breathe on the dying fires of his memory. But then comes the Official Biography . . . and the poor man dies, sales, memory, and all in perpetuity or till the time comes, years after, for some creative artist to have a try at re-breathing life into their dead bones. If that effort coincides with a swing of the public taste towards the great man's works, he will again step all glorious onto the public stage and take his place beside Shakespeare, Heine, and the author of *The Song of Solomon*. If the public are not ready he must continue in Limbo till they are. The Official Biography kills in two ways. Inexpertly written and constructed, it spreads boredom round the great figure; and then, no man being willing to read an author's books when he can read salacious, moral, or merely imbecile details about the Great Man's . . . say, affection for his doggie-doggies, while the Biography lives the man must remain dead. Who reads Johnson? Who would read the Swan of Avon had he had a Boswell?

In the meanwhile, the Carl J. Webers go on arranging the dry bones in museums. It is an honorable occupation leading to chairs professorial. But others try to raise to their dead friends little monuments in some durable stuff. By heaven, though it lead merely to a bench by the workhouse door, it is an occupation not less commendable.

FORD MADDOX FORD

Paris

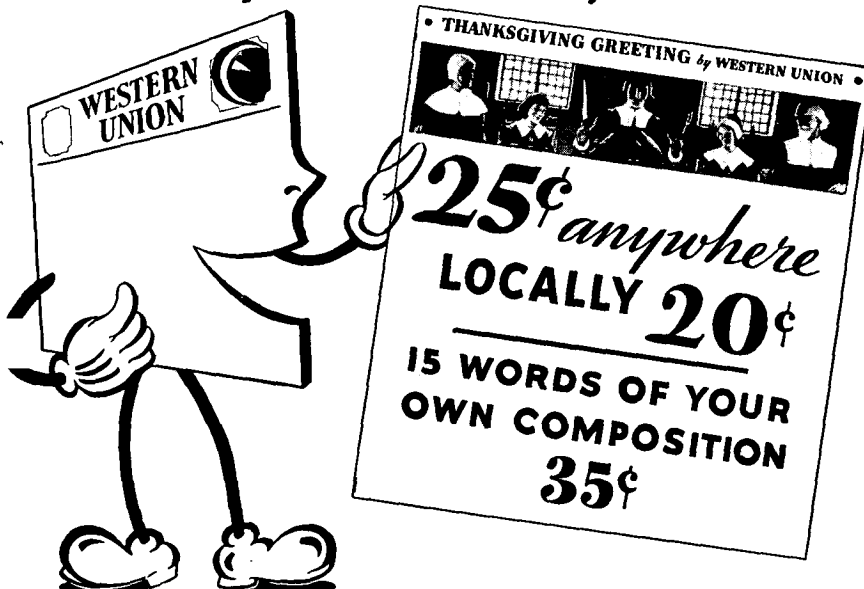


PERFIDIOUS ALBION

SIR: I got a good laugh out of Lord Beaverbrook's article in the August

(Continued on page xxiv)

A
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*for the Biggest Event
of the Day*



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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page xxii)

issue. Has the Baron taken you in, or are you just having a little fun with your readers?

It happens that Beaverbrook and I both come from the same neck of the woods: he's from New Brunswick and I'm from Nova Scotia. He's now English and I'm American. He bought himself an English title and I have been made an Oklahoma Colonel, so we're about even on honors. He has more money than I have. At one time I had more money than he had. I had a penny. When we met in 1900 or 1901, I was in my father's office, and Father had just given me a penny, and he asked, "Have you got a good hold on that money?" I said yes, I had it firmly in my fist. "That's right," said Father, "hang onto it with all your strength — this fellow here is Max Aitken."

I wouldn't even bother commenting on Max's article, except for the fact that it being signed "Lord Beaverbrook" may delude some of your younger readers into believing that this bird is an actual, not a synthetic Lord. So they may take him and his propaganda at their face value — whatever that is. But let me warn them that Max is a trickster. One Canadian can't fool another; we may fool the English and we may fool the Americans, but we can't hoodwink each other. You can't, for example, find a single Canadian who believes in Father Coughlin — that just goes to show. Oddly enough, many Canadians in Canada believe in Father Roosevelt — but I haven't found a Canadian in the United States who does. That means that you can fool even a Canadian if he's far enough away from the hat and the rabbit, but when

(Continued on page xxvi)



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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page xxiv)

he gets close to the stage he sees well enough, so that the quickness of the hand fails to deceive the eye.

Now, Beaverbrook is touting "A Military Alliance With England," which is good propaganda business from his and England's point of view. England right now needs friends, and her rich men, with millions invested in English business, are vitally interested in making friends for England. You can't blame them for that. But let me point out that no nation which ever has made a military alliance with England ever has made a profit from the deal. We had a military alliance with England in 1917-18, and England got most of the German colonies, and we got a large, sad-looking balloon which we called the *Los Angeles*—that's all we got out of the war, that and some bad debts and considerable abuse. That is probably one balloon more than we will get out of the next war.

As Beaverbrook didn't mention England's liabilities, I shall remind him. England used to be the tight little isle, surrounded by water and battleships. Now it's just a bomb dump for any European nation that gets mad at it; and neither the water nor the battleships can stop a bombing plane. England is dependent for most of its food supply on the supposed ability of a tramp steamer to get from here to there without sinking. But how are you going to keep it afloat if unfriendly nations with bombing planes want to see it go down with a glug? England always used to have one friend in Europe—not the most powerful nation, but the second most powerful nation. Now she has fooled all of them in turn, and hasn't a single friend on the continent.

No wonder a synthetic English Lord moos at us in such friendly tones, like a tame moose from New Brunswick.

As for the Japanese, it is true that we can't beat them in the Western Pacific, nor can we hold the Philippines—but who wants to? It is equally true that the Japanese cannot beat us on this continent, though Max suggests that they may. Furthermore, we don't need a navy to prevent an enemy navy effecting a landing on our coasts. In the next war navies will do what they did in the last war—hide in sheltered ports, for fear of submarines and aircraft, and when they come out, simply mill around and sink each other. Beaverbrook probably knows very well why the British Navy retreated from Malta at the mere threat of air bombardment by a second-rate power which wasn't even at war with England. This is the first time the English Navy has retreated without a shot being fired at it!

If Max wants England to "turn away from Europe", as he expresses it, he must find some way of moving those islands about 2000 miles further west. Or he might move the English to Newfoundland, and move the Newfoundlanders to England. In that event we'll be glad to have a military alliance with England—for by then it will be a Canadian colony, and we get along all right with Canada.

Meanwhile, until Max moves England, let's leave England alone, and hope they leave us alone. The English are all right, but they're relatives of ours, and you know that the less you have to do with relatives the better off you are.

Ordinarily I just sign my letters Cy Caldwell, but as you've had Max Aitken

(Continued on page xxviii)

A Dime to Spare

EVERY Fifth Avenue bus passenger spends twice as much as it is necessary to spend to ride up or down town. They do it because they want a clean, comfortable, seated ride. If these people are business people, they spend thirty dollars more a year than they need to spend, to get to and from their business. Certainly this assures a purchasing power above the average.

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(Continued from page xxvi)
pulling his Lord Beaverbrook title on you, I'll swank a bit myself and sign thus—

COL. CY CALDWELL OF OKLAHOMA
Island Park, N. Y.



SIR: Your publication of an article of the type of Lord Beaverbrook's "A Military Alliance with England", that has obviously been written for propaganda purposes rather than with the idea of making a careful, detached analysis of circumstances, is hardly flattering to the intelligence of your readers. The Baron's discussion is marked by the careless superficiality, the confusion of terms, and the cool slighting of unmanageable facts, however pertinent, that only an unscrupulous European political troublemaker could achieve.

His Lordship's most flagrant error of argument is his failure to make any distinction between Great Britain—or "Britain", as he prefers to call it—and the British Empire. Evidently the interchangeable use of the terms in the article cannot be admitted, for an alliance with the Island Kingdom would by no means be equivalent to a system of alliances with all the parts of the Empire. Proper attention to the distinction would call for considerable modification of the author's boasts about the size of the dowry that Britain would bring to the proposed match. Mr. Beaverbrook has sinned again in the demonstration of his thesis that Japan is more likely to attack California than Australia, for he has completely disregarded the not irrelevant fact that whereas the nearest Japanese territory is less than 1000 miles

from Australia, the distance from the nearest Japanese territory to California is some 5000 miles. And again, in harping on the harmony that has always existed between England and this country, the Baron has delicately omitted all mention of the high-handed British interference with our affairs in 1812, during the War of 1861-65, and during the first years of the Great War; and to preserve the appearance of balance he has pressed into vicarious service the relatively innocuous Venezuela boundary dispute of 1896.

It is said that a once reputable American magazine should degenerate into a stamping ground for foreign propagandists. And incidentally, who on your staff is getting the rake-off?

WILLIAM T. PAYNE

Ithaca, N. Y.



THE LITERARY LIFE ON RELIEF

SIR: The author of your article "What Relief Did to Us" complains that "my family on Relief are a ruined people". Of course their doom is sealed if they won't find use for that hidden talent which must be shown the light of day from under that ancient bushel. As an example in point, this present writer is proud to see what he has done and can still do if he is not worrying about necessities. The patronage of the government has been a boon to him. From 1929 up to this present day he has used his leisure in refurbishing his mental attic, and has produced a play which is now in Warner Brothers' hands, and an article which is in the offices of the *North American Review*. I have

(Continued on page xxx)



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THE OPEN FORUM

(Continued from page xxviii)

gathered such a store of material for future use that the day seems not long enough for me to do anything in.

R. VALERNE

Chicago



GIFTED REPUBLICANS

SIR: I can agree heartily with the central thesis of Mr. Nicholas Roosevelt's "Wanted: an Honest President" in the June number of *THE MERCURY*. But I feel that the author's partisanship has vitiated what would have been otherwise an excellent article.

No one can quarrel with his statement "Van Buren was a trimmer. Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Fillmore, Taylor, Pierce, and Buchanan were nonentities". This leads one to expect that the author, after praise of Lincoln and kind words for Johnson and Grant, will say something like "Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Harrison, and McKinley, were another string of nonentities". But what do we find? "Hayes had courage. . . . Harrison, Garfield, Arthur, and McKinley were able but not great." Why is it that in the undistinguished Republicans, Mr. Roosevelt finds qualities that raise them above nonentity, while he cannot find such qualities in the undistinguished Democrats and Whigs? Granted that the 1877-1901 group had some good qualities; so had the 1837-1861 group, and just as good ones too. And Van Buren, to whom Mr. Roosevelt gives the poorest treatment, was perhaps best of all.

Again, of one of the greatest of our presidents, Mr. Roosevelt has no more to say than "Jefferson was a man of words — but not a man of his word: he

shrank from frankness as well as from personal danger," — while of one of the worst he says, "Hoover, a big man. . . ." Whatever Jefferson's faults, and I have never seen these particular ones attributed to him before, he was a great man and President, such is the sober judgment of history. As for Hoover and his bigness, Mr. Mencken said at the beginning of an editorial in *THE MERCURY* sometime in 1930: "That Dr. Hoover has blown up must now be plain to everyone." It must be plain to everyone that Mr. Hoover is still blown up; the plain facts are that as a President he was terrible. Of the most incompetent and bewildered occupant that the White House has ever had, Mr. Roosevelt says, "Coolidge had courage". It is only true that Coolidge had good luck, which was partly manifested in the very favorable press that he had. Of Harding, Mr. Roosevelt can find nothing worse to say than "Harding was innocuous!" Then so is Tammany. But of a quite good President, whose administration shows a real accomplishment, Mr. Roosevelt says, "Monroe was an amiable nonentity". Can it be that Mr. Roosevelt is influenced by the fact that Jefferson and Monroe were founders of the Democratic Party, while Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, that noble triumvirate, presided over the Republican prosperity of 1921-1933? Again, Wilson is given shabby treatment, while Theodore Roosevelt is numbered among the great. Yet will not the sober judgment of history put the two upon just about the same level, and that not an especially high one? Can it be that Mr. Roosevelt (I mean Nicholas) is a Republican?

JOSEPH E. FONTENROSE

Paris

To The Investor:

Optimist or Analyst

Which One Advises You?

OPTIMIST: "One who takes the most hopeful view and looks only on the bright side of affairs, thereby receiving only a one-sided idea of developments in the business, commercial and financial fields."

Optimists base their beliefs and actions on hope, instead of logical information and research. In the business world, the optimist is a perpetual enthusiast for unworkable plans. In the securities field, he is invariably a bull, and believes that the only direction of prices is upwards. The optimist takes securities at their face value, seldom bothering to look into the causes behind their fluctuations.

More than 90% of the investment advice and economic writing found in the ordinary commercial and financial magazines is preponderantly optimistic. But 90% of those in business, or of those who invest in securities, or trade in commodities, do not make money. Hence it behooves the business man, investor and commodity operator to obtain *profitable* rather than *optimistic* advice.

▼ ▼ ▼

ANALYST: "A trained, experienced economist, writer, research worker and scientist, who examines the course of events, securities, commodities, politics and developments critically and in detail, that he may evaluate the various *causes* which will modify coming events." The analyst is cautious and usually pessimistic but when he commits himself he is more likely to be right than the biased optimist who takes the easier and less critical course.

Analysts *plan*, optimists *plunge* blindly.

Analysts are *realistic*, optimists *hopeful*.

Analysts are *cautious*, optimists *hedge* along.

Analysts see *all sides*, optimists *one side*.

Analysts are *definite*, optimists *vague*.

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